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AFTER MANY DAYS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

HE.—If we could all meet, as we met of old,
Met in the days when our hearts were young,
If we could walk in the sunset's gold,
With the songs of our childhood scarcely sung—

SHE.—We should be happy—the old-time strain,
Carelessly chanted when life was fair,
Would be sung by our youthful lips again,
And its echo die on the cloudless air.

HE.—Ah! it was sweet, when days were long,
Down by the brook in the glade to stray,
Singing together the old-time song,
Passing together the Summer day.

SHE.—The old brown schoolhouse, where first we learned,
I pass with a faltering step, and slow;
And my heart within me has often yearned
For moments vanished in long ago.

HE.—Can it be that the sunset is just as bright?
That the brook yet murmurs as sweetly still,
Though the schoolhouse old is touched with blight,
And the master sleepeth beneath the hill?

SHE.—The blight has fallen, my hair is gray,
And over your head rests the Winter's snow;
And life has changed since the hapless day
That parted our hearts in the long ago.

HE.—Yes; life has changed, and 'tis far too late
To share together the Summer's gold;
We can only stand by the sunset's gate,
And join our hearts in the Winter's cold.

VIOLET MILDMAY;

OR,

IN THE SPIDER'S WEB.

A THRILLING ROMANCE OF LOVE, DECEIT AND CRIME.

CHAPTER V.

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of humankind pass by.—GOLDSMITH.

To the unsophisticated inhabitants of the little sea-coast village, the Mildmays of the Park, and the Dodsons of the Cedars were very great folk indeed; but we have now to do with far greater—with no less a personage and family indeed than the well-known Earl of Lackland and his children. A very great man was the Earl of Lackland. His ancestors had fought at Cressey and at Hastings.

Lackland Hall was an immense place in the Midlands—a grand old house, with famous associations. You could not turn a page of English history without coming, directly or indirectly, upon the deeds and doings of the Lacklands. It was a question with some politicians whether, if by some dreadful chance the house of Lackland had been extinguished, the history of our country could have been written at all!

There were men who, when they wanted to illustrate the grandeur, the nobility, the importance of England, would point the admiring finger at Lackland, and exclaim:

"There is one type! Look at Lackland and see epitomized the glory of our land!"

Certainly the Earl of Lackland was a most important individual. Besides the great Lackland Hall, there were also the great mansion in Grosvenor square, the castle in Scotland, the villa on the banks of the Arno, and the fishing lodges in Ireland and Wales. The present Earl and Countess were blessed in addition to the places of residences above enumerated, with a son and a daughter.

The former, Lord Fitz Plantagenet Boisdale, was a young man just passed his majority. Fair—insipid he would have been called, had he not been heir of Lackland—somewhat simple-minded, certainly not clever, and extremely fond of dress, billiards, his betting-book, and his cigar. Lady Ethel Boisdale, his sister, presented a marked contrast to him.

She was tall, dark, by no means insipid, and, if not positively clever, certainly possessed of the average quantity of brains. To say in what direction her taste inclined would be perhaps at present rather premature.

It is difficult to analyze a lady's disposition, and probably the reader at some future time might be dissatisfied and inclined to pooh-pooh our opinion of Lady Ethel, if we pronounced it thus early. Suffice it to say, she was fond of reading, was deeply attached to her brother, and would have been equally so to her parents had they encouraged or even permitted her to be so.

Perhaps such great personages as the Earl and Countess of Lackland were too exalted to possess those emotions of affection and tenderness which fall to the lot of commoner people. If they did possess them, they managed to conceal them with infinite art, and no one could accuse them of the common folly of wearing their hearts upon their sleeves. Assuredly, Lady Ethel must have had a warm heart and a generous nature, or the coldness of her exalted parents would have chilled her and rendered her cold likewise. That she was not the reader will soon perceive.

Thousands of persons envied my Lord and Lady Lackland. Never did their carriage roll through the streets, or their names appear in the paper amongst the fashionable intelligence, but hundreds exclaimed:

"I wish I were a Lackland!"

But not one of the envious many knew what they were really envying. There is a skeleton in every house; there was one ever present in all the great and small houses of Lackland. Sometimes he kept discreetly in a cupboard; at others he stepped boldly out and rattled his bones, and made a mighty horrid noise to see. Oh, yes, reader; other people besides yourself have a skeleton, and there are some persons unfortunate enough to have two.

If we entered the Grosvenor-square mansion, say on the morning after that memorable little dinner-party at which Ethel this morning, and I forgot it until after I left you; so I went down to the stable to tell Markham to saddle the two bays, and he kept me to talk about that chestnut ——"

The Earl interrupted what promised to be a lengthy explanatory excuse with his cold little bow, and glanced at the ormolu timepiece on the table.

"It is of little consequence to me; I am obliged to leave at the half-hour to meet an appointment, therefore I shall only be able to give you the time I promised to give you. You wished to speak to me."

"Yes, sir," said Lord Fitz, looking down at his boots nervously, and then up at the ceiling. "I wanted to ask you if you could let me have a couple of hundred pounds beyond my allowance, to—to—pay a few debts, which—which, of course, I could not help running into while I was in Paris."

Lord Lackland folded his paper methodically, and cleared his throat, preparatory to speaking. There was not a shadow of annoyance upon his face, only the usual calm, cold gravity.

"I do not think that anyone with your liberal allowance should be compelled to run into debt," he said with icy coldness. "When I made that allowance I stated, if I remember rightly—and you will please correct me if I am wrong—that it was a liberal allowance, that it was by a good deal more than I received at your age, and that I trusted you would keep clear of debt."

"You did, sir," said Lord Fitz, tapping his foot with his riding-whip, and wondering if all fathers were so cold and stony-hearted as my Lord Lackland, and whether all sons had to endure that sort of lecture before their fathers bled the required sum.

"Exactly," said the Earl. "Then I may be permitted to ask, perhaps, why you have thought proper to run into debt, seeing that you were aware of the extent of your income, and that I had clearly expressed my intention of limiting it to the amount which I had stated?"

"I—I—don't know," stammered Fitz. "The money seems to go so fast, and there are so many things you must have, and ——"

Lord Lackland rose and walked to a bureau, returning to the table with a small pile of bills in his hand.

"These," said he, "are some bills of yours which your tradespeople send to me—why I do not understand. I see among the items a number of things which would not be classed by any reasonable man as necessaries. 'Dressing-case with gold tops, four gold bracelets, six diamond hoop-rings,' in the jeweler's bill. In the tailor's I see that there are nine coats, to say nothing of trowsers, charged in three months. The perfumer's account is extraordinarily extravagant; and this bill, which I presume comes from the hotel-keeper at Richmond, for dinners supplied to the members of the various crack corps and ladies of the ballet, I do not understand at all."

As the papers were inspected one by one, and laid upon the table, the cold, steely eyes were raised, and laid, as it were, upon the young man's face.

"There—there are a good many bills out," said Lord Fitz, quite overwhelmed; "but I didn't know they were so heavy, upon my word, sir! I had no idea that the tailor's bill was so big!"

"Exactly," said the Earl coldly. "May I ask if you expect me to pay these?"

"I—I—should be very much obliged if you would, sir," said the young man, plucking up courage and facing his impassable parent. "I mean to be more economical for the future, ——"

"I think I remember your using that phrase at our last interview," said Lord Lackland without a sneer, without a smile or the slightest relaxation of the sternly set muscles.

"I know I've been very careless," said the young man, "and I'll keep my word this time, sir; if you can let me have the two hundred pounds this morning, to meet a few pressing claims, I shall be very grateful, and I will pay off some of those other bills with my next quarter's allowance."

Lord Lackland walked to the bureau again and took out a bundle—a very small bundle—of bank-notes; from this he counted out a hundred pounds' worth, and, holding them in his hand, said:

"Here are a hundred pounds; I cannot give you any more, for a very good reason—I cannot afford to do so."

Lord Fitz looked up with a simple stare, which extended his mouth as well as his eyes.

"I cannot afford to do so," said the metallic voice. "It is quite time that you should be placed in possession of the truth as regards my—I may say our—pecuniary position. I ought perhaps to have informed you of the condition of my affairs long earlier, but consideration for your feelings deterred me. Fitz, the estates in London, in Italy, in England, are mortgaged to their fullest extent. The revenue is nearly swallowed up by the interest, and there is so little ready money in the house that, if the servants were to demand their wages, I should not be in a position to pay them."

Lord Fitz stared, pale and aghast. The skeleton was out, grimly walking before him. For the first time Lord Boisdale learned that he was heir to a rich crop of embarassments, and that the great Earl of Lackland, his father, was a poor man.

"Great Heaven!" he exclaimed. "You don't mean to say that, sir!" unlike his father, showing his emotion unmistakably.

"I have said it," replied the Earl, "and now you know my—our—real position. Credit, Fitz, has kept our heads above water for a great many years—credit alone. How much longer it may do so I cannot say, but I can estimate if your bills for necessaries amount to the sums which they here represent."

"What—what's to be done?" asked Lord Fitz, staring at his calm parent with bewildered horror. "We must sell some of the places, the horses, the diamonds, by jingo!—the—the—everything."

"We cannot sell what is sold or out of our hands already. You do not understand business matters, unfortunately, or you would at once comprehend that the houses, the land, being mortgaged, and the diamonds at the—ahem—pawnbroker's, it is simply impossible to make further money of them."

The young man jumped up and took three paces up and down.

"But," said he suddenly, and with incredulity upon his face, "I saw my mother wear the diamonds at the last drawing-room."

"Not exactly," said the Earl—"paste imitations only; the real are in the possession of a pawnbroker. But if you have any taste or inclination for an investigation or examination of our finances, you have my permission to examine the documents which you will find in this case ——"

"Great Heaven, no!" said young Lord Fitz. "I don't doubt your word, my lord; I'm only stunned, knocked all of a heap, as one may say. It seems so incredible! Why, by jingo, the fellows are always asking me to lend them money—and—and saying how rich we are; and you say that ——"

"That I cannot afford to let you have the other hundred pounds," said the Earl, replacing the bundle in the bureau. "While we are upon the subject, which is too painful to be renewed, I will remind you that you are heir to the estate, and that it is in your power to clear it of the encumbrances."

"In mine!" exclaimed Lord Fitz.

"Exactly," said the Earl. "By a judicious marriage. You must marry an heiress, Fitz. There are a number of them to be met with; and a great many are extremely anxious to purchase position with their money. I speak plainly, because the matter is too serious for mere insinuation. You must marry well, and—ahem—so of course must your sister."

"Ethel!" exclaimed the young lord, with a sudden flush. He loved his sister passionately, was very proud of her, and the least suspicion of a slight towards her was sufficient to fire his impetuous young heart and send the blood to his simple face. "What do you mean, sir? That Ethel must marry one of these new men, these snobs with coal mines, or ships, or—or that sort of thing; some fellow in trade, in fact?"

"It is not necessary that he should be in trade," said the Earl calmly. "But if he possesses the money, whether he gained it by mines, ships or banks, matters little. You know the condition of the estate, and you know that it is necessary that you and Ethel should make good marriages; on you both depends the future fortune of the house."

As he spoke he cleared his throat and glanced at the timepiece. The young lad rose at the hint and took up his hat.

"I won't detain you any longer, sir," he said. "I am very much obliged for—for the money, and of course I'm very sorry to hear such a bad account of the estate."

"Exactly," said the Earl, with a cold smile, looking out of the window. "You are riding that bay, I see, and I trust you will take care of it. I had to pay a heavy bill for the mare whose knees you cut last month. Let me beg of you to be careful with the bay."

"Certainly, sir," said Lord Boisdale, and with a very uncomfortable air he left the room.

As he passed into the corridor a sweet, clear voice rose from the hall.

"Fitz, are you coming?"

Fitz smothered a sigh, and, as cheerfully as he could, replied:

"All right; here I am," and ran down the stairs. In the hall stood Lady Ethel Boisdale.

"How long you have been!" she said with a smile. "Are you not ashamed to keep a lady waiting? Well, I think brothers imagine they are privileged to take advantage of a sister."

As she spoke her eyes noted the disappointment and embarrassment on his countenance; and when they were mounted and turning out of the square she said:

"What is the matter, Fitz? Will not papa give you the money?"

"No," said Fitz with an uncomfortable laugh, "no; and supplies an excellent reason for not complying with my modest request. Oh, dear me, I'm very miserable. There! don't ask me what about, because I shan't tell you. It would only worry you, and you're too good a fellow—I mean girl—to be worried. Let's put these lazy animals into something sharper; I hate this square and those streets."

Lady Ethel touched her horse gently, and in silence they cantered into the park. Then she spoke again in a low, kind voice, which her brother loved to hear.

"Fitz, about that money?"

"Well," he said.

"If you want it very badly—very, you know—I think I have a little—not so much as two hundred pounds, of course, but a little—and you shall have it if you like."

"I dare say!" said Lord Fitz indignantly. "It's likely I'll rob you of the few miserable pounds you've saved out of the paltry allowance they dole out to you! Why, it isn't one-quarter enough as it is. I'm half inclined to be angry with you! Take your money, indeed!"

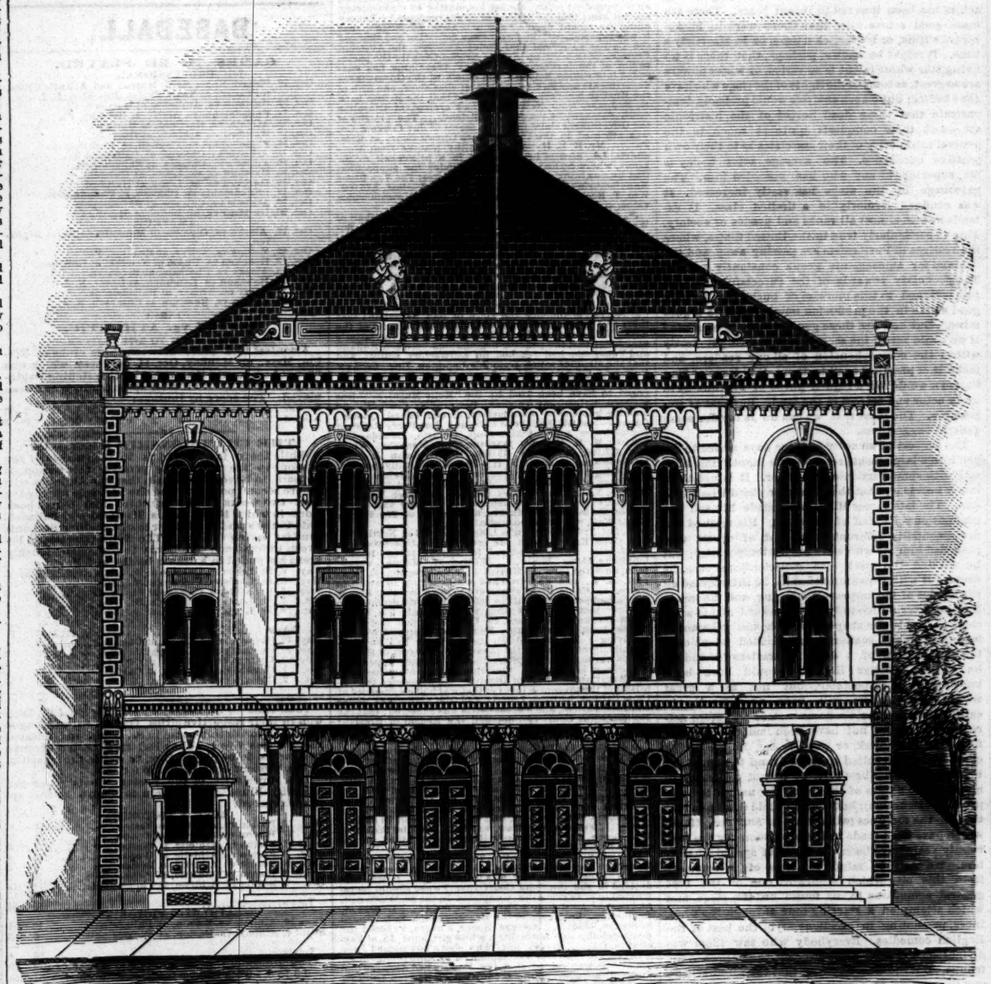
"Nonsense," said Ethel; "you're a dear, stupid boy, Fitz. It's true, my allowance is not imperial, but I make it do."

"Exactly," said Lord Fitz ruefully, "as the governor would say! If he said exactly once this morning, he said it a dozen times—but that's just it! You make your miserable pocket-money do, and I spend mine, which in three times as much, before I get it. Ethel, some of our fellows say I'm half a fool, and upon my word I think they're right!"

"Upon my word I think your fellows, as you call them, are pretty impertinent! But about the money, Fitz dear. Why wouldn't papa give it you?"

"Don't ask me," growled Lord Fitz. "I can't tell you! Oh, it's an awful sham life is. I tell you what it is, Ethel, we're all of us a gigantic swindle! It's a tremendous sham! Look at the Earl! Look how people bow down to him! Do you remember at the drawing-room last week how they cleared out of the way when he came in? And to think that it's all a mockery, and a delusion, and that we're ——"

But there! I'm telling you all about it, and I don't mean to! Don't ask me anything about it, there's a good girl! You'll know all in good time, I dare say; perhaps when they want to sell you to some coal-mine mob."



THEATRES AND HALLS OF AMERICA.

NO. 28.—THE NEW NATIONAL THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Look," said Ethel, gently interrupting him. "Who is that lifting his hat?"

"Eh? where?" said Lord Fitz. "Oh, it's Bertie Fairfax and Leicester Dodson—capital fellow, Bertie. Let's pull up a minute, Ethel."

And with a smile of welcome he steered his horse near the rails upon which the two gentlemen who had raised their hats were leaning.

One was Leicester Dodson, we know; the other was a tall, splendidly built fellow, with a frank, genial face, and a noble yet peculiarly free and graceful bearing.

"Hullo, Bertie! Good-morning, Mr. Dodson. Delighted to see you. Ethel, you will let me introduce my friends, Mr. Dodson, Mr. Bertie Fairfax. Bertie, Mr. Dodson, this is my sister, Lady Ethel Boisdale."

Both the gentlemen raised their hats; Lady Ethel bent her beautiful head with her rare smile. She always liked to know any friends of her brother whom he chose to introduce, for with all his simplicity Fitz was too wise to fall into the mistake of showing her any but the most unexceptionable of them. Bertie Fairfax looked up at the lady and then at the horse. He was a connoisseur of both.

"It is a beautiful day," he said, opening the conversation with the usual weatherwise remark. "Your horse looks as if he enjoyed it."

"Which he does," said Ethel. "I am sure I do. It is delightful—walking or riding."

"I should prefer the latter," said Bertie Fairfax; "but my horse is lamed temporarily, and I am compelled to ride a hack."

"What a pity," said Ethel, adding, with her sweet smile: "Perhaps the change will be good for you."

Bertie Fairfax looked up at her with his frank eyes, to see if she was quizzing him, then laughed musically.

"Perhaps he thought so, and tumbled down on purpose. It doesn't much matter—I like walking, but not here; I like more room. My friend Mr. Dodson, however, insisted upon this promenade. He is an observer of human nature—a cynic, I regret to say—and finds material for bitter and scornful reflection in the gay and thoughtless crowd."

He laughed again. Ethel could not but smile and glance at the cynic, who was walking with her brother, and seemingly quite unconscious of his friend's personal denunciation.

"And you are not a cynic," said Ethel, "and therefore do not care for the gay and thoughtless crowd. Are you fond of riding?"

"Yes; with someone to share it," promptly replied Mr. Fairfax. "I'm fond of everything, Lady Boisdale. I enjoy life, and laugh with the gay and thoughtless." And he did so then.

"It is to be hoped that Mr. Dodson laughs also sometimes," said Ethel.

"Oh, yes; he makes haste to laugh, that he may not have to weep—or he says so," replied Bertie Fairfax. "Are you going to Lady Daresfield's ball to-night?"

"Yes," said Ethel. "I presume you also, by your question, are going?"

"Yes," said Bertie Fairfax, "I am glad to say," for ten minutes before he had sworn to Mr. Leicester Dodson that he wouldn't go to my Lady Daresfield's ball for five hundred pounds—and five hundred pounds were of some consequence to Mr. Bertie Fairfax.

"It is very hot for balls, but one must do his duty. I hope I may be able to persuade you to give me a dance?"

"I don't know," said Ethel with a smile.

At that moment her horse walked on a little. Mr. Fairfax moved farther up the rail, and then conversation, no more confidential than that we have given, continued until Lord Fitz was heard to exclaim "Good-bye!" and then joined his sister.

Both the gentlemen on foot raised their hats; Bertie Fairfax with his cordial, pleasant smile; Leicester Dodson with his grave and also pleasant grace, and, after a return of the salutations, the four young people parted.

"Well," said Lord Fitz, from whose mind the recent meeting had expunged the unpleasant remembrances of his morning interview, "what do you think of them?"

Ethel was silent for a moment.

"I don't know which was the handsomer," she said thoughtfully.

"That's just like you women, Eth.; you always think of the graces first."

"Well," said Ethel, "there was no time to know anything more about them. I think Mr. Fairfax is very pleasant—he has a nice voice and such frank eyes. There are some men with whom you feel friendly in the first ten minutes; he is one of them."

"You're right," said Lord Fitz. "Bertie's the jolliest and dearest old fellow going. Poor old Bert!"

"Why poor?" said Ethel.

"Because he is poor, demced poor," said Lord Fitz, muttering under his breath, with a sigh: "Like some more of us."

"How do you mean?" said Ethel.

"Well," said Lord Fitz, "he has to work for his living. He's a barrister, or something of that sort. But he writes and draws things for books, you know. I don't quite understand. He can sing like a nightingale and tell a story better than any man I know."

"He looks very happy," said Ethel, "although he is poor."

"Happy!" said Lord Fitz. "He's always happy. He's the best company going."

"And who is his friend? Mr. Dodson is not his name?" asked Ethel.

"Yes, Leicester Dodson." said Lord Fitz. "He's one of your clever men. You can't understand whether he's serious or jesting sometimes, and I've often thought he was making fun of me, only ——"

"Only what?" asked his sister.

"Only I didn't think he'd have the impudence," said Lord Fitz proudly. "It isn't nice to be sneered at by a tallow-chandler."

"A what?" said Ethel.

"Well, the son of a tallow-chandler. That's what his father was. A nice, quiet old boy. Haven't you heard of 'em? They live at Penruddle, which is about nine miles from that shooting-box in Herefordshire—Coombe Lodge."

"So near," said Ethel. "No, I have not heard of him. He looks to be a gentleman, but I did not notice him very much. I like his friend's face best—yes, I'm sure I do, though both faces were nice."

"You don't take into account Leicester Dodson's coin," said Fitz. "His people are immensely rich; tallow turns into gold, you know, if you only melt it long enough."

"That's a joke or a pun, Fitz," laughed Lady Ethel. "And really rather clever for you. And where does Mr. Fairfax live?"

"Oh! in chambers in the Temple—quite the clever bachelor, you know. Very snug they are, too—much more comfortable than any of the places. He gives good dinners sometimes—when he's in luck, as he calls it. Eth., you ought to have been a man, then you could have known some jolly good fellows."

"Thank you. If I were not on horseback I'd curtsey," said Ethel. "Can't I know good fellows as I am?"

"No," said simple Lord Fitz, "you can't! They won't let you—it's dangerous. You must only know men with long handles to their names like ours, and with pockets full of money—unlike ours. You mustn't know Bertie Fairfax, for instance. The mother wouldn't allow it."

At that moment Ethel's horse started—his rider had in reality touched him with a spur—and got in front of Lord Fitz, so that the blush which suddenly crimsoned Ethel's beautiful face was hidden from her brother's light-blue eyes.

Now, why should Lady Ethel Boisdale blush at the simple little speech of Lord Fitz? It could be of little consequence to her, surely, if her eyes were fated never to rest on Mr. Bertie Fairfax again. Then why should she, and why, during the remainder of that park gallop, did she look forward to Lady Daresfield's little ball?

"Well," said Leicester, as the two equestrians rode away and left the pedestrians looking after them, "what do you think of the Lady Ethel Boisdale? You have been wrapped in admiration unusual and remarkable for the last three minutes; unusual, because on such occasions as the present you generally indulge in a rhapsody of admiration, or a deluge of candid abuse; extraordinary, because silence at any time is extraordinary in you."

"Hold your tongue, you cynical fellow!" exclaimed Bertie, still looking after the brother and sister. "So that is the sister of whom simple Fitz is always talking—Lady Ethel! A pretty name, and it suits her. An Ethel should be dark, or at least brown, shadowed; an Ethel should have deep, thoughtful eyes, a pleasant, rather dreamy smile, and a touch of haughtiness over face, figure and voice. She has all these ——"

"And fifty more virtues—attributes and peculiarities which your contounded imagination can endow her with! Nonsense! She's a nice-looking girl, with a sensible face, and the pride proper for her station. You can't make anything more of her."

"Can't I?" said his friend; "you can't, you mean. I call her beautiful. She is going to Lady Daresfield's ball to-night; I—I shall go, after all, I think, Leicester."

"I thought so," said Leicester Dodson, with a smile of ineffable wisdom and sagacity. "I thought somebody said they wouldn't go to the confounded ball for five hundred pounds, and that the same somebody was pitying me for having promised to grace it with my presence."

"I thought you'd die if I didn't keep you company; and so, as I like to borrow your money, and don't want you to die, I'll go. I say, Leicester, haven't the Lacklands a small place in Herefordshire near you? What do they call it—Coombe Lodge?"

"Perhaps they have," said Mr. Leicester. "I believe that there are few counties which are not honored by the Lacklands in that way. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, merely for idle curiosity."

"Hem! you promised to come and spend a week or two with me," said Mr. Leicester. "Will you come?"

"Oh, chaff away," said Bertie Fairfax good-temperedly. "But I'll take you seriously; I will go."

"Done," said Leicester, still chaffing, as his light-hearted friend called it. "I'm going down next week. Come with me?"

"Thanks," said Bertie; "I'll think it over. I'll come and cut you out with the Mildmay heiress! Ha! ha!"

He laughed as Leicester turned to him with a look of mild surprise.

"You didn't know that I was posted up in that intelligence! I've a dozen little birds who bring me news night and morning, and I've heard ——"

"Pause!" interrupted Leicester. "I've dined with mamma and papa at Mildmay Park, and that—that's positively all. My dear Bertie, I am not a marrying man. Now, you are; but, mark me, Lady Ethel Boisdale is not meant for you."

"Thank you," said Bertie; "I'm very much obliged, but who said that she was?"

And with a light laugh the subject was dropped.

That night, when Lady Ethel Boisdale entered the magnificent saloons of Lady Daresfield's mansion in Park place, she looked round the room with calm yet expectant eyes, and dropped them very suddenly as they met the also searching and expectant gaze of Mr. Bertie Fairfax.

It is one thing to exchange glances and smiles with a belle in a ball-room, but quite another matter to get a dance with her. The saloons were crowded by the best of the land, eligible parties were in abundance, and Mr. Bertie Fairfax, handsome, sweet-natured and loveable though he was, found himself somewhat out in the cold.

It was not an unusual position for him, and on other occasions he had laughed good-naturedly in the smoking-room of his club, saying that there had been too many from pitchers going down the stream for such a fragile, unsubstantial deity affair as himself to hope for success. But to-night it was different. He wanted to dance with Lady Ethel Boisdale; why, he could scarcely have told.

She was very beautiful; but he had seen faces far more lovely even than hers; she was very graceful, tall, and full of a sweet, proud dignity; but Bertie Fairfax had seen some of the ladies of the Papal court, and remembered their faces.

She was, as it happened, just the realization of the young fellow's ideal, and—as it must be written—he was already half in love with her. Round her, forming a sort of body-guard or watch-dog, continually hovered in majestic grace the Countess of Lackland, her mamma. Bertie was aware that her ladyship knew all about him, and that it was utterly vain for him to hope that he might be allowed to fill a vacant line in the Lady Ethel's little dancing programme.

He watched her dancing for some time—watched her as she spun around in two waltzes with Leicester Dodson for her partner—then the disappointed Bertie made his way out on to the corridor and leant against the balustrade, gnawing his heavy mustache and trying to make up his mind to go to his club.

Just then, as he had almost decided, Leicester Dodson came out, hot and flushed, but with his usual grave reserve about his mouth and eyes.

"Ah! Bertie," he said, "getting a cooler; you're wise in your generation. They ought to keep a weighing machine outside in the lobbies, so that a man could see how much he'd fined down after each dance. I've lost pounds since the Lancers. It's hotter than a siesta hour in Madrid. You look cool."

"I am," said Bertie, with his legs extended before him, watching Bertie engaged on some article or poem or drawing, and as he watched would almost wish that he also had to work for a living. So Mr. Leicester was somewhat of a philosopher and a cynic, as Bertie had said, and at times found life rather wearisome.

To-night he drew himself a chair—Bertie was extended upon an ancient but comfortable sofa, and, lighting a fresh cigar, rang for claret and ice.

"Dreadfully hot, Bert. What on earth makes us hang about this horrible town in this terrible weather? Fancy staying in London when all the green fields are holding out their hands and shouting 'Come and roll on us!' Fashion is a wonderful thing—so are you. Why on earth don't you speak? I never knew you silent for so many minutes together in my life. Are you asleep?"

"No," said Bertie. "Push the claret across the table with the poker, will you? When did you say you were going down to the Cedars, Les?"

"When you like," said Leicester Dodson, coloring slightly, and turning his face away from his companion. "To-morrow, if you like. I was going to say I wish I'd never left it, but I came up this week because ——"

"Because what?" asked Bertie as he stopped.

"Because," said Leicester Dodson, looking hard at the fire in his grave, sedate way, "discretion is the better part of valor."

"What on earth do you mean?" exclaimed Bertie Fairfax. "You never mean to tell me you were afraid of a man?"

"No," said Leicester, with his cynical smile. "Of a woman. There, don't ask me any more. I am not going to make a fool of myself, Bert.; but while we're on the subject I'll say that it will never do for either of us to do that."

"No," said Bertie Fairfax with an unusual bitterness. "We can never marry, Les. You, because you are too ——"

"Selfish," interrupted Mr. Dodson placidly.

"And I because I am too poor ——"

"You will be rich enough some day, you clever dog," said Mr. Dodson sententiously.

"Yes; when I'm an old man, gray-headed and bent double. Never mind."

"I won't. Don't you either," said Leicester. "And now for the Cedars. Suppose we say the end of the week?"

"Yes, that will do," said Bertie. "The Lacklands—at least some of them—are going down to Coombe Lodge next week."

"Oh," said Leicester significantly, glancing at the frank, pleasant face of his friend.

"Yes," retorted Bertie, "and the Mildmays are still at the Park, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Leicester, shrugging his shoulders with an air of indifference he was far from feeling. "So that we shall be all together, like moths round a candle," he added cynically, as Bertie rose with a yawn to mount to his own chambers.

Yes, all together; and near the meshes of that web which a skilful, cunning spider was weaving for them.

Captain Murpoint had laid his delicate web ready for his flies.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DIABOLUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

As a man has no right to criticize or dispute a theory, a whim, or a superstition which he has never examined with care, I am not prepared to dissent from the opinion of a multitude of well-meaning persons, who have profound faith in the existence of a spirit-world, nor to doubt the assurance of sundry ingenious ladies and gentlemen who have been selected as mediums of communication between the "dear departed" and their survivors. I once assisted at a nocturnal seance in order to be convinced that the unquiet souls of certain individuals revisited the earth; but, as I took nothing by my motion beyond a crack on the nose from an old fiddle or a decayed banjo, which flew about in the dark, my incredulity is unimpaired. This, however, has not prevented my attending the lectures of professors of spiritualism, and deriving amusement, if not instruction, from their discourses, especially if they possessed the faculty of imparting their views, opinions and convictions in such language as an educated man could tolerate. Hence it has happened that, when in England, a few months ago, I was frequently to be found in the halls where Mrs. Cora Tappen held forth. Mrs. Tappen is a highly gifted person. She speaks with ease, and her matter is often of a high order. But she is sometimes led into extravagances which diminish the force of her eloquence and entail ridicule upon her intentions. Thus, when a demented auditor propounded for her solution the absurd question "Why does not God kill the Devil?" she grappled it with earnestness and talked an infinite deal of nonsense. Had I not been afflicted with a modesty which inhibits my entering upon profound theological discussions, I might have apostrophized the querist after this fashion:

How do you know the Devil lives, to begin with? Were you not told in your youth that he is dead and buried in Cold Harbor? I am dealing, you will observe, with the popular notion that his existence is merely had a personality—horns, tail, cloven feet, and all that. But let us adopt your hypothesis and suppose him still in corporeal existence. Do you not perceive that he is tolerated by a greater power that he may just plague mankind a little by his tricks, and get well kicked for his pains? We are told that he is our adversary, and walks about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour; but he cannot (in a physical sense) devour any of us, for no creature of his supposed animal structure is carnivorous. His attempts in that line would only end in his "chewing the cud" of disappointment. Ash Cuvier or Buffon, I never feared the Devil. We do not fear what we despise, and I have always regarded Lucifer as a very contemptible character. He is a hypocrite, according to Rabelais. When he was sick he affected sanctity; but when he got well "the devil a saint was he." He is very mischievous, according to Garrick, because he "lords cooks" to spoil the meat provided by a beneficent principle for the delectation of poor humanity. People who are not swift of foot should not run from Diabolus, for he is sure to "catch the hindmost." Face and resist him, and, as the apostle tells us, he "will flee." All this shows him to be but a poor devil, after all. He assumes a variety of disguises, but they are so flimsy that he is soon detected and punished. Did not St. Dunstan "take up the tongs and catch hold of his nose" when he appeared in the "guise of a damsel passing fair?" Did he not try to lay hold of St. Nicholas, but, "making a grasp, the abbot so clasp," St. Nicholas

"... fitted his body too,
And just in the nick let fly such a kick,
On his elderly namesake he let go,
And out of the window he flew like a shot,
For the foot flew up with a terrible thwack,
And caught the fiend dumbo about the spot
Where his tail grows on to the small of his back,"

and that kick sent him to the bottomless pit. He comes back, however, from time to time, to worry us all; but he may easily be detected by the simplest observer, for he wears a black dress and fixings, according to Parson, with a "hole in his coat for his tail to go through," and therefore we might be on our guard against any mischief he can possibly do us. For the rest, he is very useful to us in suggesting comparisons, because he has such an infinite variety of "antagonistic attributes." In fact, he is a perfect pass-de. Sometimes we pronounce ourselves, our food, the climate or a fiery temper as "hot as the D——!" Sometimes everything is pronounced "devilish cold." For whatever we get in excess of what we want we find an expletive in the qualities of His Majesty. It blows, burns, snows, rains, etc., etc., like the Evil One. However, I suspect that his power as the stimulator of even a wicked life is drawing to a close. If cremation comes into fashion, we shall not need to be "hauled over the coals" a second time. In the meanwhile, let us all, by righteousness, escape the fangs of our secret enemy, and put him to the blush by honest modesty. As Hodgson puts it, "tell the truth and shame the Devil."

J. H. SIMMONS.

"MOVE ON."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MAT MCARNO.

One day, in the middle of Winter,
Not having a mouthful to eat,
I was picking my teeth with a splinter,
And finding the taste of it sweet.
Thus I stood on a corner one morning,
Grim poverty's wretchedest son,
When a "peeler" came up with this warning:
"Move on, young fellow, move on!"

His tone was extremely offensive
In addressing a man and a brother,
But the city is pretty extensive,
And one place is as good as another;
So I didn't propound any questions,
Which course was undoubtedly best,
Though I might have thrown out some suggestions
On the folly of such a request.

But I moved till I came to old Trinity,
And, standing there, under its shade
I thought of the ghostly affinity
'Twixt myself and the dead who are laid
In the heart of the merciless city,
In the centre of Trade's endless round,
Where they never excite any pity,
And, like me, only camber the ground.

And yet I suppose those old duffers
Once girded themselves for the strife,
And were active and bold till the snuffers
Were applied to the candle of life.
They were men merchants and clerks and professors
Whose work was not nearly half-done
When they yielded before their successors,
Who shouted: "Move on, there, move on!"

I looked down through Wall street from Trinity
To the place where the bulls and the bears
Display their perverse asininity
In depressing or raising their shares;
Where the latest quotations are clamored,
While the telegraph instruments play,
And the greenhorns are caught and enamored
By the promise of wealth in a day.

Of what use are these games half satanic,
These tricks and resorts and devices,
When a fortune is lost in a panic,
Or a bank goes to smash in a crisis?
You may look there in vain for old faces,
Names good, once, for any amount;
You will find they've surrendered their places,
And moved—with a "busted" account.

I think it is better to idle,
Indifferent to time and to place,
Than to trot to a bit and a bridle
And be distanced at last in the race.
For, whether you like it or lump it,
You will hear, when your triumphs are won,
This echo from Gabriel's trumpet:
"Move on there, Creation, move on!"

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

Do you love an intelligent dog, dear reader? If you do, you have no reason to be ashamed of the fact. Henry Clay loved his dog. Lord Byron wept when his faithful Pluto died, and Sir Walter Scott was melancholy, and refused to write a line for weeks after the death of his trusty Nero, who had for years been his companion in his walks and in his hours of solitude. The gifted Charlotte Bronte, whose genius gave the world "Jane Eyre," and whose sister Emily astonished England with "Wuthering Heights," the work of her graceful pen, mourned when faithful Keeper died, who had wandered over the moors with them in their lonely rambles. Mrs. Gaskill, in her life of the Brontes, says: "When Emily died, her generous dog Keeper walked first among the mourners at her funeral; he slept moaning for nights at the door of her empty room, and never seemed happy after her death."

I remember, while crossing the Atlantic some years ago, seeing a little child by accident fall from the ship's deck into the sea. The passengers were paralyzed with fear, when a noble Newfoundland dog belonging to the vessel plunged into the ocean and rescued the child, safely bringing it to the side of the life-boat. A few days afterwards I saw the same dog cruelly kicked and brutised by the captain for a slight fault, which should have been pardonable, and I saw the poor brute a few minutes afterwards lick the monster's hand. I thought at the time that the Creator had made a mistake, and put too many legs on the dog, and not enough on the man.

I will tell you a little story of the fidelity of a dog to his master. It was told me by my guide as we sat for a little rest upon the mountain which divides the Beaverkill from the Neverswink, and while my own faithful dog Jack rested his head upon my knee.

"Your dog seems to love you!" said my guide.

"Yes," I replied, stroking his silken ears while the animal looked into my face with his large brown eyes. "I never gave him a kick or a cuff in my life," I continued. "I appeal to his sagacity and intelligence, and govern him by the law of kindness."

"He would lose his life for you, no doubt," said Arnold.

"Yes," I answered; "I have no truer friend."

"Do you see that farm-house at the base of yonder mountain?" said Arnold, pointing in the distance.

I shaded my eyes and looked in the direction named.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, my father lived and died in that house," said Arnold; "and if you will listen while we rest, I will tell of how there was mourning in that house once over the death of a faithful shepherd-dog who died by his master's hand."

"I will listen with pleasure," I answered.

"My father," said Arnold, "was a drover who purchased stock, and when a herd was collected drove them to tidewater, and then shipped them to New York for sale. He usually rode to market, but always accompanied by his faithful shepherd dog Prince. You probably are aware of the marked intelligence of this breed of the canine race, and how faithfully and intelligently they perform the task assigned them. Prince seemed to reason with almost human intelligence. He had a large, bright, intelligent eye, and we children used to romp and play with him, apparently as much to his delight as our own. Woe be to the person who in anger should strike one of his master's children. But one day Prince came home dead, and how he came to die will be the germ of my simple story.

"My father was a man of warm heart. He never was cruel or unreasonable, and his faithful dog was his constant companion. One day he mounted his horse, to return from Rondout to his home in Delaware Co. He had realized more than three thousand dollars from the sale of his herd of stock in New York, and had placed his money in a portmanteau, which he had securely fastened, as he thought, to his saddle. Father had ridden many miles, and was nearly to his home," continued Arnold, "when he shot his dog."

"Shot his faithful dog?" I said with astonishment.

"Yes," said Arnold; "but he did it innocently, and the deed made mourning in his home. The old man got nearly crazy over it, for his heart was as tender as that of a child. You see," continued Arnold, "when a few miles from home the dog commenced to bark and bite at the horse's fetlock. Father spoke sharply to the dog, saying 'Prince, be quiet.' The dog cringed to the earth for a moment, but soon commenced his antics again, and barking more furiously than before. As it was in the heat of August, and the dog never was known to act so strangely before, the thought flashed to father's mind that the poor creature was affected with the dreaded hydrophobia.

"'Prince,' said he, 'what makes you act so?' The animal once again cringed to the earth, while his eyes flamed with excitement. Father spurred his horse, the dog followed with quickened pace, and when he jumped and bit at my father's feet the dreaded thought came with full force that the dog was mad—that his death must follow the stem fact. He pul

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1875.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

LAD, Manchester.—"When they had the stallion race in Boston, I received a telegraphic dispatch stating that Thomas Jefferson had won. Then I bet twenty dollars that he won. Am I entitled to the money?".... The foregoing is too brief. Such a wager could be easily invalidated by circumstances. There can be no decision from so short a full statement, and we prefer that it should come from both bettors. A man can win or lose upon information obtained from a book, a newspaper, a bulletin board, a letter, or a telegraphic dispatch, provided he uses no fraudulent means to procure the bet, or does not resort to falsehood or prevarication to conceal his knowledge. The book may be the only one of its kind extant, and a mule may have sent the telegraphic dispatch. The correctness, and not the source of a bettor's information, is the point involved; and the same special information that will prove a man to Wall street or the turf circles will profit him as to sporting matters. He will lose if his information is incorrect, and he will win if it is sound, provided that in the latter case there be no fraud in the transaction. What is stated when he knows, it will not do to answer that he knows nothing—he must state what he has heard. If not questioned, he is not obliged to voluntarily make his knowledge public. But if he is asked questions on the other, for his own protection he is bound in honor to make a reciprocal disclosure, but bound in honor only, as the bet must still be determined by the fact, notwithstanding the knowledge of the other party to question in return, and thus protect himself. This applies to events past. If a party seeks, by offering to bet that "Jefferson wins this race," to prove the impression that he does not know the result of the race, the acceptor cannot lose. This is not because the proposer may have information as to the race. It is needless to ridicule whether he has or not; and, besides, investigation may fail to elicit the truth. The bet fails, because of the tense employed, if the race has already taken place. "Won" implies event passed; "wins," event yet to occur.

AN OLD BRONER, Savannah.—1. We gave no such decision. On May 21 last, in answering "W. H., Chicago," we expressed an opinion that 1 to 0 might be regarded as equivalent to at least two to one, but expressly declined to so decide at that time; and in the same issue, to "J. D. H., Sioux City," we said that there may well exist a reasonable doubt as to whether 1 to 0 is as good as 2 to 1. Having held the matter under advisement for several weeks, during which time the questions came whether 1 to 0, if 1 to 1, is as good as 2 to 1, and even 15 to 1, we finally decided that with us a baseball score of 1 to 0 is simply one more than nothing—that a club that wins by such a score beats another not 2 to 1 or 10 to 1, but 1 to 0, by one run, and no more. In other words, that a club which has won by this score:

A.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9
B.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

has been quite as well, from every practical standpoint, as the club that wins by this score:

A.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—1
B.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

2. A man who bets on a certainty may or may not lose. Please state a case.

FIFTEEN-BALL POOL.—"A, B and C, C and B are playing off, each having a game on him. A gets 60 and B 40. Marker calls pool on C, as there is not enough on the table to save him. C says that it is not pool, because there is enough left to tie." .....The marker was right. There were not enough balls left to tie; and even if there had been, it would not have availed C. There was, of course, a *chance* for C to tie not only B, but also A; but it would have taken a long time to do it; and for that reason, and inasmuch as the table is to be used while the men play pool, the marker, in accordance with the rule, was justified in calling "pool" as soon as it became apparent that C could not tie on balls. Then B had won that game, and a new game was in order. Moreover, the marker, under the rule, could have called "pool" as soon as A was safe on balls—that is, as soon as he had made 41 without a "mark;" but it is usual to allow a wider margin than the rule gives, and allow the men to proceed until it is not possible for low man to catch up on balls. C lost the play-off game.

SUBSCRIBER, Chambersburg.—1. "Three persons playing seven-ball pool. Doe, B beg C, and C beg A, or does B beg A? 2. Does C have anything to say if A and B want to run the cards, and C does not. 3. In playing poker, A calls B, and has a pair of kings. B says that they are not good, and shows a pair of aces; B then shows another king, and claims the pot. Does B win? 4. A says he will bet so much, and B says he will see him, and does see him, but A says he does not lose, because he did not have his money up when B called him." .....1. B begs of A, if B is the next player on the dealer's left. 2. C has nothing to say. B wins if he can shoot, unless A can unearth another ace. It is the show that wins, and not the call. 4. It was a bet of honor, and your only consolation, if you entertain resentment, is to refuse to bet with a gentleman in future, in refusing to honor his bet, is the freeman's privilege of declining ever to play with him again.

J. J. R.—"A bets B that the Bostons beat the Athletics in two innings. The game is called at the end of the sixth inning, and the score is:

Boston.....3 2 6 2 3—17
Athletic.....0 5 1 0 0—6

How is the bet to go?" .....A loses. The best that he can show are 9 runs against 13. Nine innings were not necessary. No number having been specified, it is to be assumed that both bettors mean that their money to go with the game. Fifteen innings might have been necessary to decide it, or circumstances might have restricted it to five. Any number between four and nine would answer. Had seven been played, the bet would have been off—no matter what the score—because the game itself would have been off, as not meeting the requirements of the rules.

WHITEWASH, Cincinnati.—"A bets B that there would be eleven whitewashes, also that there would not be ten runs scored, between the Philadelphias and Cincinnatis, played Oct. 2. B followed suit, and had seven out of the game, taken from *The Enquirer* of this city. It was specified, before the game was played, that ther should play nine innings or more, unless either club was in better on the 9th at bat." .....The score inclosed shows nine innings, fifteen whitewashes, and a total of six runs. A wins both bets. Probably it maintains that there should have been fifteen whitewashes for A to win. Any number under eleven would have made B winner; any number above ten makes A winner.

NEMO, Philadelphia.—"A and B are playing cribbage. A led a tray; B paired it. A played a deuce, B a four, and took 3 holes. A then played an ace and scored four holes; B a six, and A five and claimed 8 holes. A disputed it, and broke the run when he played the six, basing his argument on Hoyle, which says that a sequence is broken when a card is played that won't run, and a new sequence has to be made at the 'Ring' in this case in the ring-hand he played the five, making a continuous run from ace to six. Please decide." .....B is in error, and misinterprets even Hoyle. A's five continued the sequence, and entitles him to 5 points.

READER, Jackson.—1. The tie-score makes Kalamazoo loser. 2. It would be the same if but five innings had been played, instead of eight or nine. 3. You now go upon the turf, and become subject to all the rules of the turf. If the race is a trot, and you bet $20 to $5, Rule No. 12 would make it a drawn bet if the heat were dead. If it was a running race for a cup or stakes, say at Jerome Park, Saratoga, Long Branch, or Baltimore, a dead heat, if not run over, would make you loser $7.50—that is, you would get $12.50 back. You will be seen that in your second case, cited virtually as an argument, you have "taken the wrong bull by the horns."

A. B., Poughkeepsie.—"A, B and C are playing poker: A deals; B, having only 25c., bets all of it. C sees his 25c., and goes 25c. better. A comes in and sees C, and raises him a half-dollar; it is then B's say. B, having no more money, has only to call or quit. If he calls, he must go to proceed until it is not possible for low man to catch up on balls. C lost the play-off game.

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SUB, Baltimore.—When the last U. S. census was taken, the four largest American cities, in point of population, were New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn and St. Louis. There is no statute by which it can be reached that will turn your hair gray, and send to an untimely grave the people who have to decide it. The old way of thinking cannot be improved upon much.

FRANK PANCAKE, Columbus.—1. Norton, who won a heat and maintained a place in the race to the end, is better than Ada Price, who won no heat. On many courses that latter would be ruled out after the second heat. 2. Papers answering to the amount inclosed have been forwarded to the address given. There is no charge for answering questions.

BROCKENBY.—The umpire was the sole judge of the condition of things as to darkness preventing play; and, as he did not consider that the darkness of the Montrose inning leaving the field rendered them losers of the match by 9 to 0, the captains can only appeal to the umpire to call in case of darkness. He is to judge.

MARSHALL, Troy.—2:36, by Goldsmith Maid, Mystic Park, Boston, Sept. 2, 1874. 2. "In a game of cribbage can a player count 5 for making 31, and 2 for a run besides? For instance, A has a king, 10, 5, 4, 3; B has a king, 9, 8, deuce, and 5 as new. Can B count both the run of three and two for 31?" .....Yes.

TWO FRIENDS, Brooklyn.—"In playing jack-pots, in the party who examines the pot, when called, compelled to show his hand (five cards, or only two cards or a pair?" .....If the player was "called," he must show his whole hand; if he was not "called," he need show only as much as he thinks is a justification for having sprung the pot.

BETTER SCHOOL.—1. The Duke of Edinburgh was married to the Princess Marie Alexandrovna of Russia at the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg, on Jan. 23, 1874. Their son was born Oct. 15 of that year. 2. According to the last U. S. census there were 42,030 Catholics in Maryland, and about 430,000 of all other Christian denominations.

PAUL, Tugwell, Paris.—To explain it properly, we should be compelled to use technical terms which you would not understand. To write to one of the managers in Cincinnati or Louisville, and have a memorandum of the figures sent, to furnish you the complete and correct outfit much cheaper than you could have it made.

P. C., Boston.—Captain Webb is the only man who ever accomplished the feat of swimming across the English Channel, unaided by buoyant dress or assistance of any kind, and without refreshment. He had tailed in a previous attempt, as had also J. A. Johnson, who retired after swimming seven miles in 3h 5m.

HALF-TIE.—1. There is no record. The question can be answered only by or through someone who happened to be present on such a track when the time was such as to suggest a comparison with some other time he knew of having been accepted as set on a kindred track. 2. Lucille Goldust, b f, 1872, by Kentucky, Aug. 19, 1875.

L. L., Fall River.—1. Having borrowed to raise your friend had to endeavor to borrow to call. He cannot demand a night until he has ascertained all reasonable means to be borrowed. 2. As to the bet, it is a draw. Neither party is wholly right.

A SUBSCRIBER, Laredo.—"Partner passing. A builds ten; B plays an ace; there is a nine on the table; has A's partner a right to pick up the nine and ace, and make them ten for his partner, or not" .....No; unless A's partner had a ten in his hand.

BUCKLEY, Texas.—1. If A took in the king, it is a sweep. 2. Could only tell. Unless he had a nine in his hand, combined a deuce from his hand with a seven on the board, and add it to his partner's nine, nor could he even so add the deuce and the seven if he found them both lying on the board.

W. J. O'B.—1. D. to correct as to the column of trots; but we cannot decide the bet, as it is rather a rarity to make use of boiler columns of wood for weight bearing purposes. What is true of minerals need not necessarily be true of vegetables.

H. H. WARNOLD, Paducah.—Take regular walking and running exercise in the open air, use Indian clubs and dumb bells, diet yourself, and live temperately in all things. Your better plan would be to secure the services of a competent trainer.

A. B. H.—The fact that A. T. Stewart is of foreign birth had nothing to do with his failure to become Secretary of the Treasury conformably to President Grant's wish. As an importing merchant, he was ineligible to that position under one of the earliest laws of the United States.

ANTHONY, Brooklyn.—1. She was married July 11, 1869. 2. She did. 3. A little over a year. 4. She frequently acted that character. 5. No; born June 7, 1845. 6. Maggie Mitchell played the part some years before the other two name. 7. They have both played in the piece in St. Louis, Mo.

DARKATIE, Hamilton.—As you would be compelled to labor some years before you could gain any prominent position, you will readily see that your present age will militate against your success. We would not advise you to try it.

J. B. M., Batesville.—1. John C. Heenan was born at West Troy, N. Y., May 2, 1834. He fought Sayers April 17, 1860. 2. Heenan fought John Morrissey before he went to England to meet Sayers. 3. Sayers' arm was injured in the fifth round.

GEO. M., Maringo.—An objection made before the race places upon the entered the horse the onus of proving qualification; but an objection after the race places upon the objector the onus of proving disqualification.

E. E. V., Columbus.—We never answer questions by mail. D. S. Wambold is living, and performing every night in this city with the San Francisco Minstrels, of which he is one of the managers.

ANONYM.—We have no recollection of having published a recipe for "Daniel Webster Chowder." We gave that of a member of the old Hoboken Chowder Club, and will repeat it, if you so require.

J. W. K., Worcester.—D, who gave three and made three —high, low and game—is out on his high. It was not necessary for him to make high, low and jack in order to count his high.

DAISY, Erie.—The heat being dead, the bet is a draw. The wager was subject to the rules of racing, one of which is the basis of this decision, which is the reverse of what we should render were no such rule in existence.

H. S., Quincy.—1. Flora Temple is still living. 2. The money belongs to B, of course. It is too late, after money has been won, to claim that there has been a deal out of turn.

Q., Lynchburg.—When "Our American Cousin" was performed at Ford's Theatre, Washington, D. C., on April 14, 1865, the night of the assassination of President Lincoln, E. A. Emerson acted Lord Dundreary.

B. S. Cornelius.—1. O'Neil and Fitzpatrick (FITZ) fought near Berwick, Me., for $1,000, Dec. 4, 1860, sixty-six rounds being contested in four hours and twenty minutes. 2. He is the same person.

J. C. P., Fort Smith.—Flora Temple was foaled in 1845. The exact date is not known; but that is immaterial, as a horse is one year old on Jan. 1, no matter on what day of the prior year he was foaled.

HENRY AND JOHN, Toledo.—A lost. There were two corks under the funnel. If A meant that there were more than two, instead of just that number, he was under obligation to say so.

F. K. W., Baltimore.—"The Gamester" was written by Edward Moore in 1753. It was first acted in this city at the New Theatre in Nassau street Feb. 4, 1754, by Hallam's company, for the benefit of Mr. Rigby.

LIZZIE FAY, Ill.—We have no record of his death, but have not heard of him for some time. Address a letter to him, stating his line of business upon the envelope, in care of this office.

C. C. FICK, Baltimore.—The distance from Dover to Calais, as the crow flies, is 21 miles; but it is estimated that, adding his drift up and down, the distance swum by Capt. Webb was fully 30 miles.

JUNIPER.—1. No record. 2. T. Griffith, an amateur, walked a mile in 6:48, and W. J. Morgan, also an amateur, covered five miles in 32:34, both performances occurring in England.

4 PAWS Co., Granville.—It is recorded that a special train made the run from Hamburg to Buffalo, N. Y., on the Erie Railroad, 78 miles, and 78 minutes, and 81 miles were made in 11 minutes on the New York Central Railroad.

EUCKO, Baltimore.—The Elcho Shield, competed for annually at Wimbledon by riflemen of Scotland, represented respectively England, Ireland and Scotland, was presented by Lord Elcho, and was first shot for in 1862.

F. H.—1. Most entertainments at which money is received for charitable purposes are required to pay a license equal to five per cent. of that precinct. 2. Flour, water and a small quantity of glue, boiled together.

MORRIS, Brooklyn.—The shells used by the victorious Cornell University and Freshmen crews in the college regatta last July were constructed at the establishment of Waters & Son, paper-boat builders, Troy, N. Y.

G. B., Red Cloud.—Mary's Musical Instruction, published by Ditson & Co., New York, price $2; or Louis' Manuals, issued by Lee & Walker, Philadelphia, Pa., at 35c., will afford you the desired information.

D. C. A., Greenfield.—John Williamson won that championship, the third of a series of four since 1865, on Dec. 1, 1869, and on Feb. 1870, in which same hall he was beaten by Casper, whom he had defeated in the tournament.

F. E. R., Hamilton.—We cannot venture to vouch for the responsibility of anyone who would undertake the character a life-study. The reward of his work came to him in the shape of wealth and substantial fame. If he had scattered his decided talent over the personation of a dozen characters (as indeed he did in earlier life), he would have been known as a respectable, but not as a great actor. Our readers will have no difficulty in calling to mind half a dozen actors and more actresses who would not have been famous at all but for their good luck, or good sense, in adopting a character which suited them well, and then sticking to it closer than a brother. It is not necessary to mention the names of the living (for names usually provoke discussion); but it may be laid down as a rule that all the fortunes (with three or four exceptions) which have been made in the profession for the past twenty years have been made out of special characters. We call to mind the case of a company from this city which embraced one of the best general comedians to be found on the stage, and which attempted a starring tour through the provinces, presenting in excellent style the best of the English comedies. Everybody who saw them was delighted, and went away to chant the praises of the troupe. But the difficulty was, that the number who saw them were so few that the company returned disheartened, poorer and wiser than they went away. The same season a lady whose talents—not to put too fine a point upon it—were several degrees below mediocrity, traveled and coined money on the strength of a flabby and sensational drama which was absolutely devoid of merit, but which, nevertheless, took, because it enabled the actress to appear in a character which she had created. We recall another case, where a painstaking actor of more than average ability struggled along through the profession for years, earning nothing more than a living, till he struck a character which exactly suited his taste, and which immediately received the approval of the public. He is on the high-road to fortune now; and we venture the opinion that he has been filled with surprise, on more than one occasion, as he contemplated his growing bank-account and thought of the old days. An accomplished actress who struck a lucky vein years ago, and has continued to develop it to her own great profit, finds that she can still draw the largest houses by constantly reappearing in the one character on which her fame chiefly rests.

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While pointing out the advantages to be derived from the adoption of a single leading part, we do not wish to be understood as counseling everybody in the profession to follow that policy. There is no formula known to mankind for converting a stick into a star. Until an actor is thoroughly grounded in the rudiments of his art, until he has served that long and patient apprenticeship which is the inevitable price of permanent success in all callings, he would do well to avoid the mistake of supposing that a great character would make him great. But there are some really clever and deserving performers who have failed to receive the recognition which justly belongs to them, because they have not concentrated their strength on a single part. To them these suggestions may be of some avail.

THEODORE is on the war-path—leastwise, he has commenced his lecturing tour—and, in the course of his remarks, he manages to rap the knuckles of some of those who took sides against him in "the great trial." In an allusion to the drygoods princes H. B. Claflin and A. T. Stewart, he favors the latter, and asks: "Which would be the best to lean upon in a dark day?" If it is a conundrum, we give it up; but Bessie Turner has told us who Theodore prefers to lean upon in a dark night.

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NOTICE.

THE CLIPPER ALMANAC FOR 1876.

We are now busily engaged in compiling THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for the centennial year, and believe that it will be more interesting than either of its predecessors. With the exception of the "Fastest Recorded Time" department, which will be carefully revised, so as to be a reliable record up to the end of the year 1875, the matter will be all fresh, and of a character alike useful and entertaining to the general and professional reader.

As an advertising medium, THE CLIPPER ALMANAC cannot be surpassed. The statistics and records it contains insure its being preserved for years. The circulation of THE ALMANAC for 1874, and of that for 1875, far exceeded our expectations.

To such of our patrons as desire to avail themselves of its pages to make their business known to one another and to the public, we would suggest that their favors be sent in as early as possible, as those received first will be given preference of place. It is our desire to close the forms early in December.

Advertisements for THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1876 will be received at the following rates, and on our usual cash terms: For one page, 7½x4½ inches, $40; half a page, $20; quarter of a page, $10; a space of 25x31 ems agate, $5.

CHARACTER ACTING.

It is not true that the standard of ability among actors has been lowered in recent years. There are more good actors now than there were in Shakespeare's time, or in Garrick's time, or in Macready's time. It might, perhaps, that there is no living star whose talent is so varied, or whose powers are so great, as some of the lights of the stage who have gone before; but a keen analysis would probably demonstrate that these dead heroes of the histrionic art owed their conquests quite as much to the general mediocrity of their associates as to their own positive excellence. The average actor to-day is far superior to any who has preceded him. The patronage of the stage has vastly increased. It was confined formerly to a limited class. It extends now to almost all ranks and grades of society. This is particularly true in the United States, where the vestiges of Puritanism are passing away, and the demand for amusements grows constantly greater. The pecuniary rewards of the successful actor are proportioned to this increase of business. A really good strike in the profession now is equal to a gold mine. But how are these good strikes to be made? If we could reveal the secret so as to bring it clearly within the comprehension of all our readers, and make it of practical avail to them, this issue of THE CLIPPER would be a regular purse of Fortunatus to every actor and actress in the land. But that is impossible. The most that we can do is to offer some general suggestions.

The success of an actor in these days seems to depend, in a large measure, upon his identifying himself with some particular character. It is not absolutely necessary that the character should be a new one. The late James H. Hackett made himself the conventional Falstaff of our stage. His method was not essentially different from that of others who preceded him, or who were his contemporaries; but he studied the part with conscientious care, he dressed it with consummate skill, he interpreted all the shades of Shakespeare's meaning, and he made the character a life-study. The reward of his work came to him in the shape of wealth and substantial fame. If he had scattered his decided talent over the personation of a dozen characters (as indeed he did in earlier life), he would have been known as a respectable, but not as a great actor. Our readers will have no difficulty in calling to mind half a dozen actors and more actresses who would not have been famous at all but for their good luck, or good sense, in adopting a character which suited them well, and then sticking to it closer than a brother. It is not necessary to mention the names of the living (for names usually provoke discussion); but it may be laid down as a rule that all the fortunes (with three or four exceptions) which have been made in the profession for the past twenty years have been made out of special characters. We call to mind the case of a company from this city which embraced one of the best general comedians to be found on the stage, and which attempted a starring tour through the provinces, presenting in excellent style the best of the English comedies. Everybody who saw them was delighted, and went away to chant the praises of the troupe. But the difficulty was, that the number who saw them were so few that the company returned disheartened, poorer and wiser than they went away. The same season a lady whose talents—not to put too fine a point upon it—were several degrees below mediocrity, traveled and coined money on the strength of a flabby and sensational drama which was absolutely devoid of merit, but which, nevertheless, took, because it enabled the actress to appear in a character which she had created. We recall another case, where a painstaking actor of more than average ability struggled along through the profession for years, earning nothing more than a living, till he struck a character which exactly suited his taste, and which immediately received the approval of the public. He is on the high-road to fortune now; and we venture the opinion that he has been filled with surprise, on more than one occasion, as he contemplated his growing bank-account and thought of the old days. An accomplished actress who struck a lucky vein years ago, and has continued to develop it to her own great profit, finds that she can still draw the largest houses by constantly reappearing in the one character on which her fame chiefly rests.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

☞ On Oct 4: In the U. S. Circuit Court at Boston, Mass., George Miller and William Smith, two of the Jefferson Border ..... mutineers, were sentenced to be hanged Jan. 14. ..... David Robbins, the wife-murderer, was also sentenced to be hanged at Halifax, N. S. ..... Harry W. Greelee, a professional diver, was drowned at Lowell, Mass., the pipe becoming twisted and his supply of air cut off. ..... Lieut. C. K. Winter, U. S. N., twice attempted to commit suicide by drowning at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., but was rescued each time. ..... It was stated that the Swedish steamer L. J. Bager was burned in the Baltic, thirty-five lives being lost; that the royalist troops in Spain had suspended operations in the North until reinforcements were received, and the Carlists threaten to bombard San Sebastian unless an indemnity of $100,000 is paid; that the Servian Ministry had resigned, in consequence of a declaration of Prince Milan made at a secret sitting of the Council, and a Conservative Ministry was forming; that Mr. Wade had settled the British Legation; that his negotiations at Pekin had averted immediate war between England and China; that Sharkey the murderer had escaped from the vans ..... Cowley for Spain on the 3d inst.; and that an Uruguay, formerly the Octavia, was chased into Port Royal, Jamaica, by the Spanish cruiser Tornado. ..... Miss Josie Langsdale, aged 11, daughter of a school teacher in Suncook, N. H., was brutally outraged and murdered by some person or persons unknown ..... Mrs. Rebecca Morris, wife of Wm. Morris, committed suicide by throwing herself under a railroad train at Paterson, N. J. ..... A young woman named Carroll was struck by a locomotive and instantly killed at Plainfield, N. J. ..... James W. Wilders of Trenton, N. J., was appointed Assignee of the insolvent firm of Jos. Bros. Washington Mills, Lawrence, Mass.—loss $85,000; O'Shea's block and four tenements at Mansfield, Pa.—loss $20,000; H. S. Miller's tannery and four barns, and other outbuildings, Aurora Village, N. Y.—loss about $40,500, insurance $16,500; Burgin & Sons' galosworks, Philadelphia, Pa.; on the 2d, J. Klinefelder & Co.'s foundry and machine shop, Muscatine, Iowa—loss $30,000, uninsured.

☞ Oct. 5: At Carlinville, Ill., Charles Brink shot and instantly killed his wife (Ellen) and her mother, Mrs. Deborah Hall, and then committed suicide. ..... The head of the murdered school-girl, Miss Langmade, was found about one hundred rods from where the body was found. A man named Bill Drew was arrested upon suspicion of having committed the deed. ..... Wm. Bliss, aged 35, fell from a moving train near Mott Haven Junction, N. Y., and was fatally injured. ..... Telegrams from abroad stated that an enthusiastic meeting was held at Glasgow, Scotland, to protest against Valtchalsan, at which a sympathetic letter from ex-Premier Gladstone was read; that the Servian Skoupschtcha is unanimous in support of Prince Milan, who informed that body that his ministers had secretly pursued an independent policy, almost amounting to a conspiracy against him; that the arrears of taxes remitted by Turkey under the recent decree amount to about $30,000,000; that it was reported that the forts of San Sebastian had silenced the Carlist batteries; that Count Andrassy, the Austrian Premier, is to draw up reform propositions for the pacification of the insurgents in Turkey; that the Porte has conceded intercourse between the chiefs of the Government departments and foreign ministers; that about one-fifth of the English hop-crop has failed; and that the British bark H. B. Jones, from New York, had arrived at Gibraltar much damaged by reason of collision. ..... The priority of the Government claim upon the assets of Jay Cooke & Co. was affirmed in the United States Circuit Court. ..... Intercepted letters from Carlist officials found on board the Spanish steamer Colon, bound from New York with $50,000 in gold. ..... Loss by fire: The brewer in Praeber, Xemple & Co.'s colliery, Locust Gap, Pa., supposed to have been fired by the "Molly Maguires." ..... Loss sustained by the burning of Sandford's axe-handle mill and farming-implement manufactory, Green Island, Quebec, Canada—loss $12,000; the Whitby and Port Perry Railroad engine-house and machine shop, Whitby, Ont.—loss $10,000; M. B. Kelley's machine-shop, Menasha, Wis.—loss $10,000, insurance $3,000; R. Woodman & Sons' machine-shop, Concord, N. H.—loss $15,000, fully insured; dwelling and carpenter-shop of Wollaston Heights, Boston, Mass.—loss, $4,000. ..... John Fagin, aged 35, died in Orange, N. J., from injuries inflicted by Peter Knowles, aged 16, on the 5th inst. ..... Thomas Hughes was murdered on the 5th inst. J. Haskin, night-editor of *The Toronto* (Ont.) *Mail*, was drowned while fishing.

☞ Oct. 7: The brig Julia Kingley arrived at North Sydney, Cape Breton, with the crew of the American ship Mayflower, which foundered in latitude 44deg. 29min., longitude 51deg. 10min. ..... William G. Maune, a seaman, deserted from the British ship Hannah Nevins at Newport, R. I., and was drowned while trying to swim to shore. ..... Cable dispatches were to the effect that Server Pacha had proclaimed that the rebellion in Herzegovina was an insurrection in Turkey; that the Garden House, Henry Alers Hankey's residence, in Queen Anne's Gate, St. James Park, Westminster, Eng., was destroyed by fire, involving a loss of $100,000; that Lord Derby had unconditionally agreed to allow the passage of an escort of British troops through Burmese territory, if another expedition to Bhotan is necessary; that Count Somorostro, it was believed, would head the Carlist advance on Madrid, to the dismissal of the present Ministry; that war had commenced at Cape Palmas between Liberia and the aborigines, under Prince Harris, the latter being supported by the French; that the Ecclesiastical Court had deposed the Bishop of Breslau; that the popular outcry had induced the Admiralty to suspend the Channel squadron practice; that a conspiracy had been found on board of British vessels; and that Brown, Stevens & Williamson, sugar refiners of Glasgow, Scotland, had failed, with heavy liabilities. ..... Wendell Phillips was nominated for Governor of Massachusetts by the Labor-reform Convention. ..... Miss Annette Shaw committed suicide by cutting her throat, by the starting of the engine while he was on the crank. ..... Losses by fire: the Douglass Axe Company's shops, East Douglass, Mass.—loss $25,000, partially insured; Wagner & Zeally's straw-board mill, Ephrata, N. Y.—loss $30,000, insured; Wm. Robinson's drygoods store, Greensburg, Pa.—loss $12,000, insurance $10,000. ..... John Huber committed suicide by shooting, at Newark, N. J. ..... W. F. Dowell drowned himself at Knoxville, Tenn.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BURKE, "Sister Mary Borgia"—Of the Convent of Mercy, this city—a religeuse for the past eleven years—here, Oct. 3, aged 26.

BANKS, Mrs. Mary Ann—Widow of David Rubicam, famous as a hotel-keeper in Philadelphia forty or fifty years ago—At first his hotel was on Chestnut street, and afterwards at No. 20 South Sixth street. His widow kept it open until about twenty-five years ago, prior to which time he had married Dr. John Banks—Philadelphia, Oct. 8, aged 70.

BAKER, Dr. William—Superintending physician of the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania, West Philadelphia; to which city he removed in 1866 from Charleston, W. Va., where he was born. During the Rebellion he served in Stonewall Jackson's brigade. Committed suicide—Philadelphia, Oct. 8, aged 33.

CAMP, Harry—A native of Glastenbury, Ct., but since 1798

each; J. L. Price and H. Chauncey Jr., 87 each; E. A. Ferry, P. Hyde, P. T. Robbins and J. V. Messerole, 36 each; Jos. Ross, E. H. Madison, J. W. Gardner, G. D. Scott and R. McFeeley, 35 apiece.

THE TURF.

WEEKLY TROTTING RECORD.

Where the words "second money" accompany the name of a horse, the meaning is that that horse won second money without earning a record, and that his competitor won in three straight heats. Horses that win less than second money are not mentioned unless they have also earned a record in that particular race.

Horse.	Place and date.	Time.
Longfellow	Oakland, Cal.	2:20, 2:20½, 2:22
Jim Brown	Sept. 29	2:19½—pacers.
Ray Jack	Prospect Park,	2:30, 2:33, 2:32¾
T. B. French	N. Y., Oct. 4-8.	2:34, 2:33½
Sir Wm. Wallace	Prospect Park,	2:35¾, 2:33¾, 2:35¾
Pauline	N. Y., Oct. 8.	2:33¾
Clifton		2:33¾
Barney Kelly	Prospect Park,	2:30, 2:30, 2:29¾
Ella Madden	N. Y., Oct. 8.	2:29
Kitty D		2:29¾
Frank		2:34, 2:32, 2:33
Frank Munson	Elmira, N. Y.	2:32, 2:33
Laura Williams	Sept. 28-29.	2:32
Dan Brush		2:34
Barbara Knox	Elmira, N. Y.	2:37, 2:36, 2:38
Lewis	Sept. 29-30.	2:30, 2:38
Young Wilkes		2:36
Carrie	Elmira, N. Y.	2:27½, 2:26¾, 2:26½
Barney Kelly	Sept. 29.	2:28, 2:29
Countess	Elmira, N. Y.	2:45, 2:40¾, 2:42¼
Jennie S	Sept. 30	2:30
Lady Burget	Salem, N. J.	2:41¾, 2:43, 2:40
Lillie Jackson	Sept. 28.	Second money
Star	Salem, N. J.	2:35, 2:34, 2:35¾
Nellie	Sept. 29.	Second money.
Sis	Salem, N. J.	2:43¾, 2:41¾, 2:41¾
Lillie Jackson	Sept. 29	2:41¾, 2:41¾
Jim		2:39½
Mack	Salem, N. J.	2:56¾, 2:52, 2:54¼
Lady Brooke	Sept. 30	2:58, 2:58½
Waverly		2:58
Gipsy Maid	Salem, N. J.	2:46½, 2:44, 2:45
Sam French	Sept. 30	2:46¾
Sallie Bodine		2:47
Slow go	Salem, N. J.	2:33¼, 2:34½, 2:33¾
Delaware	Sept. 30	Second money.
Ed Brown	Titusville, Pa.	2:41, 2:41¾, 2:40½
Phil. Sheridan	Sept. 29	2:40¾
Bay Fannie	Titusville, Pa.	2:42, 2:40, 2:40¾
Lady McKinney	Sept. 30	2:40¾
Ed. Brown	Titusville Pa.	2:44¾, 2:41, 2:41
Phil. Sheridan	Sept. 30.	2:40¾, 2:46
Mexican Tom	Titusville ,Pa.	2:41, 2:40 2:41
Gray Billy	Sept. 30, Oct. 2.	2:40¾, 2:40¾
Sleepy Tom		2:41
Cataraugus Chief	Titusville, Pa.	2:42, 2:35, 2:42
Sleepy Tom	Oct. 2	Second money
Little Mollie	Portland, Or.	2:40¾, 2:41¾
Eph. Maynard	Sept. 18.	Heats
Smuggler	Boston, Mass.	2:25¾, 2:28, 2:40
Thomas Jefferson	Sept. 30.	Match—dr
Blanche	Boston, Mass.	2:35¾, 2:35, 2:37
Grace	Sept. 30	Second money
Little Fred	Quincy, Ill.	2:27, 2:27, 2:26¾
Prince	Sept. 24.	Second money
Oddfellow	Lexington, Ky.	2:44¾, 2:49¾
Wimosa	Sept. 28.	Heats
Rosewood	Lexington, Ky.	2:35¾, 2:28¾, 2:37
Tom Brown	Sept. 28	Second money
Tom Britton	Lexington, Ky.	2:27¾, 2:29¾, 2:31¾
Doble	Sept. 28	2:28
Girl E. Queen	Lexington, Ky.	2:37¼, 2:33¼, 2:35¾
Postboy	Sept. 29	2:31¾, 2:40
Gum Ball	Lexington, Ky.	2:32, 2:31¾, 2:33
Ashland Kate	Sept. 29	Second money
Blackwood, Jr	Lexing on, Ky.	2:32½, 2:34, 2:32
Kentucky Central	Sept. 30.	Second money
Rosewood	Lexington, Ky.	2:37½, 2:32¾, 2:34¼
Carlisle	Sept. 30.	Second money
Byron	Lexington, Ky.	2:35¾, 2:30¾, 2:32
Mambrino Boy	Sept. 29.	2:31¾
Gum Ball	Lexington, Ky.	3:06, 2:54, 2:55¾
Mambrino Billy	Oct. 1.	Second money
Sophia Temple	Lexington, Ky.	2:39½, 2:40¼, 2:40¾
Doble	Oct. 1	2:40¼, 2:40¾
Gum Ball	Lexington, Ky.	2:36¾, 2:38¾, 2:36
Pansy Robinson	Oct. 2	Second money.
Gray Bashaw and Chief	Lexington, Ky.	2:41¾, 2:44¾, 2:51¾
	Oct 2.	Second money.
Clark		2:36¼, 2:35¼, 2:36¾
Ashland Kate	Lexington, Ky.	2:35¾
Kentucky Central	Oct. 2	2:37¼
J. S. Cain		2:36¾, 2:36¾, dr.
Scotch Chief	Hubbardstown,	2:41¾, 2:41¾, 2:42
Pilot Mambrino	Mich. Oct 1	2:40¾
Ruff	Woodstock, Vt.	2:36, 2:44½, 2:50
G. S. Clifford	Sept. 30.	2:37
Snowflake		2:41, 2:44¼, 2:39
C. S. Clifford	Woodstock, Vt.	2:42¾, 2:43¼
Arctic Maid	Sept. 29	2:43¾
Magpie		2:43¾
Gertrude	Chicago, Ill.	2:36¼, 2:36½
Ida	Oct. 2	2:39—his
Bashaw Maid	Milford, Mass.	2:50, 2:50, 2:48
Limber Jim	Oct. 1	2:46
Lady Nell	Milford, Mass.	2:39, 2:39, 2:35
Dan	Oct. 1	2:39
Stranger	Milford, Mass.	2:47¾, 2:46, 2:45½
Bashaw Maid	Sept. 30	Second money.
G. Mountain Maid	Milford, Mass.	2:43¾, 2:43½, 2:41¾
Lady Nell	Oct. 2	2:42
Red Rock	Woodstock, Vt.	2:51½, 2:51, 2:55¾
Billy Boy	Sept. 29	2:50
Orphan Boy		2:45, 2:16, 2:45¼
Joe	Adrian, Mich.	Second money.
Florence	Oct. 1	0:00—1-t ht
Chalkline	Salt Lake, U.	5:53½, 5:54½
Beasie Garner	Oct. 2	5:55, 5:57
Rena G	Boston, Mass.	2:50¼, 2:51¾, 2:55
Gen. Warren	Oct. 1	2:51, 2:49
Doctor		Second money.
Captain	Boston, Mass.	3:11, 3:09, 3:09½
Kitie	Oct. 4.	Second money.
Little Girl		3:19; dist.
Josh Billings		2:43, 2:45, 2:51¾
Baby Girl	Boston, Mass.	2:57
Rosa	Oct. 5	3:00
Chief	Boston, Mass.	2:36¾, 2:44¾, 2:45
Belle of Lexington	Oct. 5	2:42¾, 2:46¾
Middlesome wag'n		2:45, 2:47, 2:48½
Jim Fisk, harness	Boston, Mass.	2:49, 2:54
Mary Louise, wag'n	Oct. 1-4.	2:49
Horse Greeley	Boston, Mass.	2:47¾, 2:50¾, 2:49
Nellie	Oct. 4	2:52, 2:52¾
Farmer Boy	S. Weymouth,	2:43, 2:43, 2:45
Lizzie Gent	Mass. Oct. 1	Second money
Lady Alice	S. Weymouth,	2:48¾, 2 49, 2:45
Nellie	Mass , Oct. 2.	Second money
Rosy	S. Weymouth,	2:58¾, 3:00, 2:55
To Specula	Mass. Sept. 28.	
Readymade Armate	S. Weymouth,	3:06, 3:06, 2:57
Double team	Oct. 2.	
Flora E. Crosby	Manchester, N.H.	2:35, 2:37, 2:39¼
Charles R	Oct. 5	Second money
Johnnie	Manchester, N.H.	2:38, 2:39, 2:40
Pet	Oct. 6	Second money
Whisper	Manchester, N.H.	2:41, 2:38, 2:40
Lady Sloan	Oct. 6	2:39, 6:00
Defiance	Manchester, N.H.	2:36, 2:37, 2:38
John Peck	Oct.	Second money
Dutchman	Oakland, Cal.	2:34, 2:31¼, 2:34
Dirigo	Sept 30.	2:32¾
Hog	Oakland, Cal.	2:30¾, 2:31, 2:32
Dutchman	Sept. 28.	Second money
Midnight	Lexington, Ky.	3:02, 2:59, 2:56
Fannie	Oct 1	Second money
Lanewood	Barre, Mass.	2:58, 2:57, 2:56
Fred B	Oct. 1	Second money
Kate Sloan	Barre, Mass.	2:43, 2:43¾, 2:42¾
Bush King	Oct. 2	Second money
Nettie Burlew	Barre, Mass.	2:36, 2:35, 2:39
Lady Anna	Oct. 1	2:37
Tim Fisk, jr	Ypsilanti, Mich.	2:44¼, 2 43, 2:43
Stranger	Oct. 1	Second money
Ed. Chapin	Concord, N. H.	2:58, 2:52, 2:53¾
Maid of Merit	Sept. 29	Second money
Belle of Lexington	Concord, N. H.	2:49¾, 2:50, 2:49½
Butcher Boy	Sept. 29	Second money
Listener	Concord, N. H.	2:57¾, 3:01, 3:03
Leo	Sept. 30	Second money
Jennie and mate	Readville, Mass.	3:27, 3:11, 3:10
Lady Childers and mate	Sept. 30.	3:17
Little Dick	Readville, Mass.	2:45, 2:53, 2:54
Pauline	Oct. 1	Second money
Clara and mate	Readville, Mass.	2:58, 2:57, 2:56
Jennie and mate	Oct. 1	Second money
Ida	Readville, Mass.	3:00 3:06, 2:55
Chrisine	Oct. 1	Second money
Dick Ellis	Philadelphia, Pa.	3:06, 2:56¾, 3:00
Jersey Boy	Sept. 30.	3:09
Maud	Philadelphia, Pa.	3:29, 3:33, 3:32
Little Nell	Sept. 30	3:29, 3:37
Lady Maud	Philadelphia, Pa.	2:34¼, 2:38¼, 2:21¾
Adelaide	Sept. 27.	Second money
Gray Goose	Rockville, Ct.	2:45¾, 2:44¾, 2:45¾
Ugly Lightfoot	Sept. 29.	Second money
Kitty Mills, and mate	Rockville, Ct.	2:52, 2:55¾
Princess and mate	Sept. 29.	Hts.
Gray Goose	Rockville, Ct.	2:41¾, 2:42, 2:46
Lyman	Sept. 30.	Second money
Princess	Rockville, Ct.	2:39¼, 2:43, 2:40
Kitty Mills	Sept. 30.	Second money
Golddust	Carlisville, Ill.	2:48¼, 2:47¾, 2:48¾
Minnie Wier	Oct. 1.	Second money
Unknown	Lowell, Mass.	2:55, 2:57, 2:57
Nellie R	Sept. 29	2:53¾ distanced
Gen. Winthrop	Lowell, Mass.	2:45, 2:43, 2:48¾
Spot	Sept. 29.	Second money.
Lady McCullough	Kalamazoo, Mich	2:50¾, 2:51¾, 2:50¾
Young Champion	Oct. 1.	2:49
Lamplighter		2:51¾
Hoosier Boy	Fairfield, Ill.	2:37¾, 2:36¾, 2:31
Tom Crowder	Sept 21—pacing.	Second
A. B. Barrett	Fairfield, Ill.	2:48, 2:47, 2:40
Zella K	Sept. 24.	Second money
Tom Brennan	Fairfield, Ill.	2:44¾, 2:45¾
Logan	Sept. 24.	Heats
Daddy and Uncle Dave		2:49, 2:45, 2:48
New Berlin Girl and Harry Conklin	Amenia, N. Y.	2:46¾
Nelly Jones and F. H. Weeks	Oct. 5. (?)	
Flagg Belle	Minneapolis	2:50
Golddust	Minn., Sept. 29.	2:37, 2:54, 2:58
Cosmos	Minneapolis	3:01, 2 53¾
Sorrel Dan	Sept. 29	2:43, 2:42¾, 2:45¼
Joe Brown	Ogdensburg,	Second money
York State	N. Y.	2:39¾, 2:39¾, 2:38¾
Monarch Jr	Indianapolis	Second
Rival	Ind., Sept. 28.	2:47, 2:43, 2:41
Rooster Dick	Indianapolis	Second money
Rowdy Boy	Sept. 29—pacing	2:36¾, 2:38, 2:39
Marion	Indianapolis	Second money
Dutch Girl	Sept. 29	2:45, 2:40, 2:45¾
Lehigh	Freeport, Ill.	Second money.
Harry Hopkins	Sept. 28	2:34, 2:31, 2:35¾
Nellie	Freeport, Ill.	Second money
Lady Logan	Sept. 28	2:32¾, 2:33¾, 2:32½
Modoc		0:00, 0:00
Lady H	Freeport, Ill.	0:00
Amy B	Sept. 30	0:00
Gen. Howard		2:35, 2:35¾, 2:38
Alexia	Freeport, Ill.	Second money.
Quary Boy	Sept. 30	2:50, 2:50, 2:50¼
Fleecer	Freeport, Ill.	Second money.
Lehigh	Sept. 30	2:31, 2:33¾, 2:31
Woolford	Freeport, Ill.	0:00
Kittie Stratton	Oct. 1	2:42¾, 2:47, 2:40¾
Carrie	Freeport, Ill.	Second money
Lehigh	Oct. 2	2:36, 2:37, 2:38
Cosette	Freeport, Ill.	Second money
Prince	Oct. 2.	2:34, 2:31¾, 2:34
Gov. Seymour	Lockport, N. Y.	2:32¾
J. J. Williams	Sept. 30	2:30¾, 2:31, 2:32
Nellie Sherman	Lockport, N. Y.	2:16, 2:21¾, 2:17¼
Pasco—Wm. Bu	Oct. 2	2:20¾
Fannie Drew	Lockport, N. Y.	2:30¾, 2:30½, 2:31¾
Mattie	Oct. 2	2:50¾
Derby	Lockport, N. Y.	2:43¼, 2:44¾, 2:40
J. W. Townsend	Oct. 2	Second money
Nellie	Tiskilwa, Ill.	2:39¾, 2:40¾, 2:38
Monarch Rule	Sept. 21	Second money
Nellie Gray	Tiskilwa, Sept.	2:39¾, 2:38, 2:37¼
Sealskin	22—pacing	Second money
Dan Vosburg	Tiskilwa	2:47¾, 2:46¾, 2:47¾
Col Knox	Sept. 22.	2:47
Dan Vosburg	Tiskilwa	2:46¾, 2:46¾, 2:49
Col. Knox	Sept. 23	2:47¾, 2:45
Nellie	Tiskilwa,	2:44, 2:44, 2:44¾
Quarry Boy	Sept. 23	Second money
Woolford 2		2:38¼, 2:36, 2:33
Oak Grove Girl	Tiskilwa,	2:35¾, 2:35¾
Alien	Sept. 23	2:40¾
Nellie	Tiskilwa,	2:40¾, 2:40¾, 2:40¾
Alexia	Sept. 24	Second money
Lady H	Tiskilwa	2:39, 2:39, 2:38
Woolford 3	Sept. 24	Second money
Jake Roome	Lancaster, Pa.	2:41¾, 2:39, 2:48¾
Midsummer	Sept. 27	Second money
Maggie	Lancaster, Pa.	2:36¾, 2:40, 2:39
Climax	Sept. 28	Second money
Hamb. Mambrino	Lancaster, Pa.	3:03¾, 3:04¾, 3:00
Gen. Grant	Sept. 27.	Second money
Rush Hurlbut	La Salle, Pa.	2:34, 2:35¾, 2:36¾
Topsy	Sept. 29	2:36¾
Granger	Nassau, N.Y.	2:41¾, 2:42, 2:38
Dominion	Sept. 30.	3-second money
Boy	Carmel, N.Y.,	2:51, 2:52, 2:52
Little Frank	Sept. 24	2:52
Boy	Carmel, N.Y.	2:47, 2:48, 2:48¾
Little Frank	Sept. 24	Second money
Blanche	Prospect Park,	2:33¾, 2:36¾, 2:34¾
Music	N. Y., Oct. 4.	2:34
Comet		2:35¾
Ben Smith	Prospect Park,	2:32¾, 2:31¾, 2:34¾
General	Oct. 9	2:32¾, 2:32¾
Coroner K		2:31
Rarus	Prospect Park,	2:35¾, 2:34¾, 2:35
Kansas Chief	Oct. 9.	Second money.
Major S	Hudson, N.Y.,	2:30, 2:30, 2:36
Plain Lee	Sept. 30, Oct. 1	2:31¾
Lizzie O'Brien		2:34
Miller Maid	Hudson, N.Y.,	2:55, 2:59¾, 3:00
Kitty Clyde	Oct. 2	Second money
Dellis	Hudson, N.Y.,	2:45, 2:45¾, 2:44
Flora Lee	Oct. 1.	0:00

* Third heat dead with Flora Bell.

† No time reported for the first four heats; Modoc won fifth, sixth and seventh, Lady H. first and second, Gen. Howard third, and Amy B. fourth. It was a race of three in five, with seven starters.

‡ There were four clean heats in this race, and either Prince, Tanner Boy or Bertie owns a record.

Lysander Maid	All these horses earned race-				
Billy Gray	at Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 30; but the time				
Play Boy	seems to have been too good to				
Lysander Boy	public.				
Capt. Snyders	Rome, N.Y.	2:49, 2:48¾, 2:43			
Fanny Forrest	Sept. 23.	Second money			
Great Eastern	Rome, N.Y.	2:46, 2:48, 2:30			
Clarence	Sept. 23	Second money			
Tommy Ryan	Rome, N.Y.	2:38, 2:43, 2:45			
Henry Clay	Sept. 24	Second money			
Great Eastern	Rome, N.Y.	2:34¾, 2:29¾, 2:30			
Nellie Irwin	Sept. 24	2:29¾			
Nellie Thorne	St. John, N.B.	2:46¾, 2:44¾, 2:48			
	Sept. 29				
Baker Boy	St. Jons, N.B.	2:49, 2:42, 2:42¾			
Honest Farmer	Sept. 29	Second money			
King William		2:32¾, 2:49, 2:48			
Honest Billy	St. John, N.B.	2:48¾			
Hattie	Oct. 1-2.	2:49			
Sheppard Knapp		2:50¾			
Black Bellie	Hillsdale, Mich.	2:47, 2:47¾, 2:47			
Chestnut Frank	Oct. 1	Second money			
Sunshine	Taunton, Mass.	2:36, 2:30, 2:29			
Farmer Boy	Sept. 29	Second money			
Helen	Taunton, Mass.	2:42, 2:38, 2:38			
Little Gem	Sept. 29	Second money			
Little Fred	Taunton, Mass.	2:48, 2:43, 2:42			
White Face	Sept. 29, 30	2:46, 2:45			
Kate Dennis		2:45			
Black Prince		2:58¼			
Little Gent	Taunton, Sept. 30	3:04¾			
Dollie	Nearest to 3:00	3:05¾			
Fairy Belle		3:31			
Lady Elgin	Burlington, Ia.	2:35¾, 2:38, 2:29¾			
Missouri Girl	Sept. 28.				
Sooner	Burlington, Ia.	2:46¼, 2:47¾, 2:48			
Vallsca Maid	Sept. 29.	2:51¾, 2:50			
Iowa Chief	Burlington, Ia.	No time			
Pilot Temple	Sept. 29.	No time			
Rothan	Burlington, Ia.	2:39¾, 2:36¾, 3:05			
Lady Fox	Sept. 29.	Second money			
Nellie C	Dayton, O.	2:51, 2:43, 2:41			
Cadiz	Sept. 27.	2:47			
Frank Davis	Burlington, Ia.	2:39, 2:45, 2:34			
Flora D	Sept. 28, 29.	2:40, 2:40¾			
Red Line		2:37, 2:37¾			
Bay Sallie	Burlington, Sept.	2:32¾, 2:31, 2:31¾			
Sleepy George	29—pacing	2:31			
Weber	Burlington, Ia.	2:39¾, 2:39, 2:41			
Lady Mack	Sept. 29.	2:32¾, 2:31¾			
Cadiz	Burlington, Ia.	2:38, 2:41, 2:48			
Frank Davis	Sept. 29.	2:39¼			
Hope	Sacramento, Cal.	2:30, 2:28, 2:28¾			
Lou Whipple	Sept. 23.	Second money			
Dan Rice	Sacramento Cal.	2:28¾, 2:24, 2:29¾			
John Schonchin	Sept. 23.	2:26¾—pacing			
Alex & Lou Whipple	Sacramento, Cal.	2:41¾, 2:44½, 2:47¼			
Sorrel Frank and Flora Shepherd	Sept. 23.	Second			
Dolly Varden	Smithfield, O.	2:44¾, 2:39, 2:33			
Frank Shaw	Sept. 23.	2:38			
Sleepy George	Smithfield, O.	2:31½, 2:33, 2:29			
Ray Ellis	Sept. 23.	Pacing race			
Pinchey Bretton	New Dorp, S. I.	3:20, 3:18, 3:15			
Allen	Oct. 2	3:15, 3:10			
Fred Wormley, pacing	Winona, Ill.	2:50¾, 2:40¼, 2:37½			
Tom Wonder, trot	Oct. 2	Match			
Emerald and Hallgan	Chicago, Ill.	2:42, 2:45¾			
Joe and George	Oct. 3	Hts—to the pole			
Tearaway	Chicago, Ill.	2:52½, 2:47½			
Lady Banks	Oct. 3	Hts.			
Gertrude	Chicago, Ill.	2:36¾, 2:36½			
Ida	Oct. 3	2:36			
Ed. Brown	St. Petersburg,	2:47, 2:46, 2:46			
Phil. Sheridan	Pa., Oct. 6.	2:48, 2:50			
Gen. Barrington	St. Petersburg,	3:03, 3:00, 3:04			
Berkshire	Mass., Sept. 30.	3:01			
Salubridge	Gt. Barrington,	2:46, 2:46, 2:45			
Capt. Jinks	Sept. 30	Second money			
Cadiz	Cincinnati, O.	2:43, 2:54, 2:55½			
Dream	Oct. 5.	2:49½, 2:49¾			
Weber	Cincinnati, O.	2:34, 2:43¾, 2:44¾			
Tom Hilton	Oct. 5	Second money			
Clement	Cincinnati, O.	2:19½, 3:05, 3:05			
Lady K	Oct. 7	2:51, 2:50¾			
John W. Hall	Cincinnati, O.	2:36, 2:40, 2:40½			
Tanner Boy	Oct. 7	2:39½, 2:38¾			
Allen	Cincinnati	2:33, 2:36½, 2:35			
Gus le	Oct. 9	Second money.			
Lola, to beat 2:18 with running horse	Cincinnati, Oct. 9.	2:25¾, 2:20¾, 2:21¾			
Deucalion	Spring Valley, N.	2:53¾, 2:49¾, 2:45			
Fanny Ward	Y., Sept. 29	Second money			
Soiland Maid	Spring Valley, N.	2:41, 2:35¼, 2:36½			
Judge Robertson	Y., Sept. 29	Second money.			
Shorty and Dandy	Spring Valley, N.	3:20, 3:22¾, 3:20			
Nyack Boy and Harry	Y., Sept. 29	Second money.			
Dan	Spring Valley, N.	0:00, 0:00, 0:00			
Major	Y. Sept. 30, Oct. 1	0:00			
John	Spring Valley, N.	2:43¼, 2:40¾, 2:59			
Col. Campbell	Y., Sept 30	2:45¾			
Spotted Colt	Spring Valley, N.	2:48, 2:37½, 2:35¾			
Harry Gilbert	Y., Sept. 30	Second money.			
Sunset	Oswego Falls, N.	2:50, 2:45, 2:48¾			
Smoothbrier	Y., Sept. 24	2:45			

JEROME PARK RACES.

FOURTH DAY—SATURDAY, OCT. 9.

A lovely day and a good programme of racing sport attracted an increased attendance, and the grand-stand presented a crowded appearance. There was a delegation of the newly-organized Four in-hand Club of New York present, and their drags attracted much attention. The course, although still heavy and slow, was in better order for running than on the third day of the meeting. The universal defeat of three out of the four favorites during the afternoon created a sensation among the betting fraternity, who lose very heavily in consequence, the field backers profiting in a corresponding degree.

THE SELLING RACE

of a mile and an eighth—for a purse of $400; horses entered to be sold for $1000, to carry weight for age; if for $750, allowed 3lb in weight, and 12lb if to be sold for $300; and the winner to be sold at auction—had four runners, weighted as follows: Leander, 120lb; Arcturus, 92lb; Caroline, 85lb; Josie B., 102lb; and Mattie W., 98lb. Both the last-named horses were Colonel McDaniel's entries, and were the favorites in the pool-quotations, as under:

Leander	$120	$140	$285	$280	$325
Mattie W.	150	200	550	600	450
Josie B					
Caroline	75	75	100	115	185
Arcturus	20	25	35	40	70

Leander jumped off with the lead, and made the running at a good pace; but before reaching the judges' stand Arcturus rushed to the front and led the field, and, without ever being again headed, won the race by a length from Josie B; Mattie W. a bad third, and Leander, who would not try to run in the heavy ground, last of all. On weighing in, Mattie W. was found short of weight, and disqualified from being placed in the race. Time, 2:04¾.

THE ANNUAL SWEEPSTAKES

for three-year-olds of $250 each—$100 forfeit, with $1,000 added; the second horse to receive $250; two miles and an eighth—was the second race. Winners of any three-year-old stake of the value of $2,000 had to carry 5lb extra. Of the eight horses mentioned as likely to come to the post, making the stake worth $3,250. These were McGrath's Chesapeake Cottrill's ascension (who carried the 5lb penalty for winning the Monmouth Oaks at Long Branch), Chamberlain's Tom Ochiltree. Ascension had been suffering from the prevailing disease, and was still coughing, so that her trainer, W. Brown (for she was run in Lorillard's colors, who has decided her running qualities for a year for the large sum of $5,000), had no confidence in her winning, and dissuaded his friends from backing her. Chesapeake was thus a hot favorite at the following rates:

Chesapeake	$1,000	$700	$500	$1,000	$1,000
Ascension	350	200	200	370	300
Tom Ochiltree	150	50	50	100	100

Chesapeake, with Ascension two lengths behind and Tom Ochiltree trailing some distance in the rear, made the running throughout the first mile at a pace no faster than an ordinary gallop. Going around the upper turn on the second mile, the speed became slightly increased. Chesapeake still leading Ascension two lengths, and Tom Ochiltree as far behind this pair. They ran thus around the bluff and into the lower stretch, where Evans brought up Tom Ochiltree, and, with Ascension, closed on Chesapeake. Entering the straight last quarter, Ascension commenced to quit, and Barbee's applications of the whip were of no resonse, for the filly was dead beaten at this point. Tom Ochiltree then went up and challenged Chesapeake, on whom Swim was already busy with caigns and steel to force him along. But it was useless, for the favorite was tiring badly at every stride, and Ochiltree quitted Chesapeake and galloped home a winner of the race by three lengths in 4:09¾. The last two miles were timed unofficially in 3:55, and it was this slow pace which enabled Tom Ochiltree, in his backward condition, to pull through and win a very poor race.

THE CHAMPAGNE STAKES

for two-year-olds—$100 each, half forfeit, with $500 added, the second horse to receive $200 out of the stake—had 29 subscribers and 8 starters. The distance was three-quarters of a mile, and there was a 7lb penalty for winners at Jerome Park, Saratoga, or Long Branch, and 10lb extra for being entered for the Great Trial. The value of the stakes was $2,215, and the contesting youngsters were McDaniel's Virginius, Carr & Co.'s Viceroy, P. Lorillard's Tigress and Morris, G. Lorillard's Swordsman and Sunburst, A. Belmont's Bertram, and Withers' imp Cyclone. The great form Virginius had shown on the previous day caused him to be greatly fancied, and he sold as follows:

Virginius	$700	$1,800	$1,400
Carr & Co	435	725	865
P. Lorillard	705	955	695
G. L. Lorillard	345	440	685
Bertram	225	420	445
The Field	310	700	655

After considerable delay the flag fell, with Tigress, Sunburst, Cyclone and Morris in the front. Before they reached the bluff Cyclone took the lead, and retained it until the very last stride, when Virginius obtained the victory, winning by a neck in 1:19, Cyclone finishing four lengths before Tigress, Bertram fourth, Warlock next, and Viceroy, Sunburst and Morris the last three.

The fourth race, a purse of $600, for all ages, to carry 100lb, had only one entry, Mr. Santord's Mate, who consequently walked over and received one half of the purse, in accordance with the rules. Then came the last race,

THE MILE DASH,

for maiden three year-olds; colts carrying 100lb and fillies 97lb, for a purse of $500. Seven out of the eight horses entered came to the post. Springlet, Australind, Examiner, Athlete, Lizzie R., Invoice, and L. L. Invoice was in great demand, with Australind second choice, pools selling at the following rates:

Invoice	$625	$1,100	$1,100	$1,250
Australind	225	400	385	390
Lizzie R	—	270	260	240
Springlet	—	185	235	235
Examiner	—	—	215	160
The Field	600	500	750	700

After considerable delay the flag fell to a poor send-off, Australind and Springlet getting off well in front, with Lizzie R. left at the post. Behind the two leaders came Invoice, Athlete and Examiner. Going around the bluff, Invoice ran up to Australind and Springlet, and in a few strides showed clear in front, opening a gap of three lengths on the lower turn. At the head of the homestretch Invoice was seen to bring up Athlete, pass Australind and Springlet as if they were standing, and collar invoice. Head and head the pair ran to the finishing-post, when Athlete quitted Invoice, and won cleverly by a length in 1:51. Lizzie R finished at Invoice's quarters, she having run very fast when she did get off.

THE NASHVILLE RACES.

With good weather to draw out large crowds of spectators, and plenty of first-rate animals to furnish sport, the annual Fall meeting of the Nashville (Tenn.) Blood Horse Association, held during the past week, was encouragingly successful. The different events are summarized below:

FIRST DAY—OCT. 4.

The first race was the Young America Stake No. 1 for two-year-olds; $25 each, p. p., with $400 added by the Association; twenty-one entries; one mile. It was won by George Cadwallader's ch. f. Plenty, by Planet, dam Magnetta, by Mahomet, 84lb; A. Keene Richards' c. f. Clemmie G., 84lb, second, and his b. c. Grit, 87lb, third. Time, 1:47¾.

SECOND RACE.—Linck's Hotel Stake, for three-year-olds (winners up to Aug. 1, 1875, excluded); $25 each, p. p., with $1,000 added; second to receive $150; twenty entries; mile heats. D. Swigert's b. c. King Alfonso, by imp. Phaeton, dam by Vandal, 90lb., won in two straight heats; A. Keene Richards' c. f. Misdeal, 87lb, second; A. B. Cheatham's b. c. Asterlite, 90lb, third. Time, 1:45, 1:47¾.

THIRD RACE.—Purse $150, for all ages; one mile and an eighth. T. J. Megibben's c. c. Weatherby, 3yrs., by Planet, dam imp. Weatherwitch, 90lb, was the successful animal; A. K. Richards' b. c. Redman, 3yrs., 90lb, second; R. B. Cheatham's b. c. Newbern, 3yrs., 90lb, third. Time, 1:58¾.

SECOND DAY—OCT. 5.

FIRST RACE.—Merchants' Post Stake, for all ages; $50 each, p. p., with $1,000 added; second to receive $100; seven entries; two-mile heats. It was won in two straight heats by F. B. Harper's b. c. Ten Broeck, 3yrs., by imp. Phaeton, dam Fanny Holton, 90lb; Robinson, Morgan & Co.'s br. c. Bob Woolley, 3yrs., 90lb, second. Time, 3:36¾, 3:40¾.

SECOND RACE.—Purse $300, for all ages; mile heats. T. J. Megibben's ch. f. Elemi, 3yrs., by Asteroid, dam Edna, 90lb, won cleverly in two straight heats; McCarthy's b. c. Voltiguer, 3yrs., by Vandal, dam Duet, 90lb, second; Durham's ch. c. Brakeesman, 4yrs., 104lb, third. Time, 1:46¾, 1:46¾.

THIRD RACE.—Purse $150, for all ages; dash of a mile and a quarter. The victorious horse proved to be T. J. Megibben's b. f. Novesty, 3yrs., by Leamington, dam Notice, 87lb; Todd's b. c. Millionaire, 3yrs., 90lb, second; G. Rice's ch. m. Rosebud, 3yrs., 111lb, third. Time, 2:14¾.

THIRD DAY—OCT. 6.

FIRST RACE.—The Buford Stake, for three-year-olds; $50 each, p. p., with $600 added; second to receive $100; twenty-nine entries, of which five were rendered void by the death of

PARTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MARION SACKETT.

They say we are severed forever,
Our paths in the future must part.
Ah me! shall I know again never
The peace that once dwelt in my heart?

I met thee when life was the brightest,
The world like a picture to me;
When my laugh was ever the lightest,
My heart full of innocent glee.

I loved thee! My days passed in dreams
Of sweetest, purest delight;
I said: "Surely love on me beams"—
I thought of no dark coming night.

Alas! for the fast-falling tears,
I weep for my dream that is o'er;
Alas! for the cold, cheerless years,
The love I shall know nevermore.

SHACKLES OF FATE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY H. ALSTON DARLEY.

"Let him who thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

"Dead broke. I will not play again to-night. Won to her side at one moment by the artful beguiling glances of the fickle dame, she inevitably, in the long run, fails to come up to time; and this last racket has completly strapped me."

Thus, with much assumed levity, however, remarked a young man, seated at a roulette table in a fashionable gambling-house in the somewhat secluded quarters of Seventh street, near the old theatre, Philadelphia. Just attaining to manhood, not overtall, but deep-chested, with hazel eyes contrasted by dark flowing locks, and a face and figure that gained him much admiration. His name was Ernest Brantley. What led him to enter such a place will be gradually developed as the story progresses.

"Pshaw!" petulantly cried his companion, "you are altogether too hasty in your determination, which, I know, is not preconceived. Let the wheel again revolve, and perhaps the goddess will smile upon you as of yore."

"I tell you no more to-night, Elton; for, if stone-mansions were being auctioned, I would be unable to bid upon a grain of mortar. Besides, I do not exactly comprehend where all this will end. No; I cannot play again without requisite cash!"

It was in a half sorrowful tone that he delivered the last sentence, for gambling had so completely mastered him that he was slowly selling out his body and soul for the wherewithal to satiate his infatuation. But Elton Norwood was too well versed in human nature to allow the opportunity offered him to escape; so, with a complacent smile, he said:

"As to the matter of a little money, Ernest, I can accommodate you for a few months. Tear scrip from your diary, and pen your note for a thousand—or more, if you wish it."

Thus urged, the youth called for writing materials, and, hastily penning an I O U, passed it to his companion, receiving in return the stipulated sum, at which proceeding the more experienced of the two smiled, and again the game went on.

Several hours passed away, and the silence was undisturbed, save the occasional click of the barrel as it revolved, or the click of the chips falling upon the board. There was nothing in the young man's features that spoke of low cunning or hardened guilt—no expression usually seen upon the face of the professional gamester; but in the glitter of his eye a close observer could note at once the feverish light of hope, or blank despair, exultation, fear.

"Curse the luck! dead broke for the second time to-night!" said Ernest, as he saw his I O U deposited in the wallet of his companion. "I must rake the governor," he continued, desperation written in legible lines upon his face, "for some dust to-morrow; and if he declines——"

"And if he declines?" ironically interrogated Elton, noting the pause.

"I don't know positively what I shall do. Yet I have given up all hope, for this accursed gaming has gained such a hold upon me that I'd 'call down Heaven itself' to appease my appetite for it. If he refuses to accede to my demands, I will go through him some night."

"And why not?" softly, warily whispered the tempter. "Why not? It is your father's duty to provide his heir with the pecuniary resources whereby he may enter into life's varieties without stinting his inclinations. He is growing old, is feeble with apoplexy, and if you should come him over to your side with blandishments, midnight is the most suitable hour to secure that which will retrieve your falling fortunes."

"You discourse like a consummate villain, Elton; and were it not for the hold you have upon my friendship, I would henceforth abandon your society."

"'Tis only to your own individual interests that I speak, and the benefits emanating therefrom. Come, do not be shackled by Fate, nor let your sensitive soul shrink from the advice I offer out of pure friendly feeling," said the crafty villain, giving vent to a light laugh at Ernest's last remark, and ordering up a glass of *eau de vie*.

"There is only one thing I desire at your hands, my dear boy," he continued in a more serious tone, "and that is a return of the holy passion I bear your sister." His deep voice softened as he spoke. "I love her with an affection that, were she a *grisette*—as we call them in Paris—the veriest beggar in the streets would not be soliciting alms, and some old rookery, my love for her would experience no abatement. Had she the wealth of Crœsus, or were she poor as a church-mouse, I would cherish her every regard with an attention that time nor circumstances could blot from my mind. Such, Ernest, though poorly, too humbly expressed to give its merited significance, is my love for Mercy; and your influence in my behalf, I am positive, could accomplish a world of effect."

Elton Norwood spoke truly as above, yet his black, deceitful heart was immaculate only to the pure affection it harbored for Mercy Brantley. The latter had, indeed, returned the love she saw passionately depicted in his glowing features; yet, on more intimate acquaintance, her gentle spirit repulsed with loathing the love that was growing in her heart. She had effectually interpreted his false exterior, and saw that a union with such a man would only engender a life-long misery. And she plucked out the rank weeds by the roots, and ever after treated him with cold civility. But his nature rebelled at her harshness; and once, when the noisy din of the day's labor had subsided to evening's quiet, he asked her, in quivering tones, to be his affianced at first by his presumption, she sweetly informed him that she could not be his wife—that another's love had more bondage over her affection, and besought him to never refer to that subject again.

Sick at heart, his future life looming up darkly in the van, he strode from her presence an almost heartbroken man. But sober consideration brought the glitter of stern resolution to his heart, and he vowed to win her for his bride; but he did not communicate the intelligence of his hopeless love to Ernest, yet through him he meant to reach the sister's heart. From one folly to another the scamp had led his unsuspecting victim, until the latter's virtues had become so submerged by a sea of follies that he had to become pusillanimous in order to quench his craving. And so we find the schemer and his tool employed as heretofore mentioned.

"I do not doubt your assertion, Elton; and if what I may say in your favor can gain you Mercy's love, it is yours. I must go now," he continued, rising from the table and lighting a cigarette, "but will see you to-morrow. If my respected governor only knew where I passed my hours of leisure, it would be all up with yours truly."

"But do not forget my instructions about the money or your sister's love. Good-night!"

And with a grasp of hands the two parted.

Ernest departed with troubled mind. How was he to be absolved from the shackles fate had linked and riveted about his life? To snap them asunder was no easy thing under the circumstances. Money, money! debt, debt! flashed before his vision. The hideous money must be obtained to release the debt and himself from obligation. Once free!—oh! how the thought leaped to his heart; but then quickly followed the rankling reality, freezing the joyous thought in its birth. And then there appeared to him the money his aged sire ever carried about his person. It seemed to be in his hands, and in numerous-like mood, dreamed he was counting out the bills to redeem his notes. Three thousand dollars! The figures on the I O U's were dancing before his eyes, he threw his arms frantically out to ward off the phantom, and found himself standing in front of his father's palatial residence.

"I will have the money to-night if I have to steal it!" he mentally exclaimed, ascending to his apartment. "It is but the work of a moment to abstract the keys from under his pillow, and then the escritoire."

Entering his room he softly removed his shoes, and then, with alarming patience, waited to hear if his entrance had aroused any of the inmates. But no sound or movement was manifest save the dull, gloomy vaults of the dead. He crossed the hall to his father's sleeping-apartment, and noiselessly entered. He heard the labored breathing of his parent, and knew he was reposing in the profound slumber of the just. Cautiously he approached the sumptuous couch, and with deft fingers he drew out the bunch of keys and turned to leave the apartment. A long-drawn sigh escaped the sleeping man, and, in stooping quickly, the youth struck his arm against a chair, sending it over with a loud crash. With a curse upon his stupidity, he was gliding from the room, when he was caught from behind by a pair of powerful arms.

"Ah! midnight robber, probably assassin, detected in the act!" and Robert Brantley threw all his strength upon the struggling, voiceless form in his grasp, and bore him to the floor. He gazed at the face upturned to his, and then the pallor of death overspread his own.

"Great God!" he exclaimed. "Ernest! Has it come—come—to—to——" But he never finished the sentence, for he fell to the floor in agony.

The recumbent Ernest heard sounds of affright on the staircase, and sprang to the doorway, crying for help.

Mercy was the first to respond; for, ever watchful of her sire, she kept her ears open while she slept, and had heard his ejaculation of parental agony to Ernest; and so she was on her way to his apartment as the youth, coining a plan of action to follow the questions of his sister and the domestics, gave utterance to the cry of help.

"What is it, Ernest?" eagerly, anxiously inquired Mercy, entering the room.

"Heaven alone knows!" was the reply of the brother, adding: "I was aroused from my sleep by unpleasant dreams, and, hearing an unusual sound in father's room, I hastened hither in time to see him fall in a fit at my feet. What has caused the excitement I am unable to state."

There was a faint tremor in his tones, but his sister credited it to his grief at her father's indisposition. She had been stooping over the recumbent form, and placed her hand over the heart. It was throbless. Apoplexy had linked with death and claimed the victim. Mercy gave instructions to the domestics, and dispatched them in all haste for a physician; and, on his arrival, but a slight examination sufficed to reveal the dread reality.

"He will know of suffering no more," he sadly said. "He has gone to a better world."

"God help and protect us!" cried Mercy, throwing her arms about Ernest's neck. "We are orphans!"

"Yes; and I—I was the—Heavens! how will all this terminate?" And in a burst of passionate grief the youth flung his sister from him, and rushed from the apartment. * * * *

A week later Ernest again met Elton, in the gambling saloon. Ernest was a wreck of his former self. The spirit of remorse was gradually wearing his life away, and he had frequently indulged in deep draughts of wine to obliterate that terrible midnight scene, ever haunting him. When his companion heard of his father's death, his heart beat light with vicious joy. Now were Ernest and Mercy completely in his power—subjects of *his* absolute will. But he hid his joy from his victim, and began his premeditated plans.

"Ernest," he said, after a moment's pause, "I am flat on my back, and I wish you would pan out to me about fifteen hundred. The past week was an unlucky one to me, and my exchequer sadly requires the collateral."

With losses full of mortification, Ernest assured him it would be utterly impossible to pay any of the first notes, now overdue, until the estate had been settled.

"I suppose you are aware that three months have elapsed since I honored your notes for a thousand each? It is not for that reason I ask you for the money; but I must have some, for my remittances of late have been neglected." Then, after a pause, during which he narrowly watched his companion, he resumed: "You know where the family jewels are kept, do you not?" he said, while a sinister gleam shot from his piercing eyes.

They were deposited in the escritoire, Ernest thought, along with other valuables, and the escritoire contained, besides, a large sum of money his father had drawn from the bank on the day of his demise.

The brow of Elton was overcast with deep thought—a grand, noble brow—the seat of unlimited knowledge. But crime knocked at the door of the brain and entered therein, ejecting virtue, and vice evermore predominated.

"The money, jewels, all must be ours. You have free access to all parts of the house? Yes. I thought as much. You must get the keys, and to-night we will enter the house and secure the valuables."

"No, no, Elton Norwood; I have gone far enough in crime!" said Ernest, repentance in his voice, and Elton trembled for the success of his vile plot. "But," continued the youth, "vice and I are enemies hereafter. Were it not for your conniving tongue I would now be respected; but old friends pass me by with a cold, haughty salutation, lest the air I breathe should infect them. I had resolved to better my existence, to become a respected citizen of some city where I was unknown, and your vile propositions have doubly strengthened that resolution!"

"You are through?" inquired Elton sarcastically. "Now hear me. You are completely in my power. You forget that I hold evidence enough against you to put you behind bolts and bars for ten years, probably more. I never thought your memory so defective. You forget, again, a certain forged document. Shall I enlighten you as to its contents?"

The listener sank back, pale and trembling, into the chair from which he had arisen. Every word of the speaker had fallen upon his heart and pierced him as if with red-hot irons of torture. He knew himself to be in the villain's power, and could think of no way to extricate himself from the meshes of circumstances. The tide was rising, and Elton knew that the youth would soon be submerged.

"When must this last piece of villainy be consummated?" asked Ernest in hollow, tremulous voice.

"To-night or *never*," was the quick, decisive reply. "And hark ye! If you dare to thwart my schemes, you shall abide by the consequences. If the haul equals my anticipations, you are free to lead any sort of life that pleases you. Now, if you wish to leave your *master*—ha, ha, ha!—you can go."

It was flood-tide, and the helpless Ernest was beyond the reach of human aid—shackled by Fate in the dark and murky waters of crime.

* * * * * * *

It was the hour of midnight—the one most suitable for the dark crime about to be committed. Overhead the clouds were dark and lowering. Not one dim little star glimmered from the gloomy sky to witness the hellish plot concocted in the house of the deceased ex-Judge Brantley.

Two dark, silent figures glided snake-like through the rear garden, and Nero, the old watchdog, gave utterance to a low, rumbling growl, but was silenced with:

"Down, Nero! Don't you know me?"

At which the faithful animal whisked his tail.

"Have you the bull's-eye?" inquired another voice.

The answer was in the affirmative; and the twain ascended the stoop and were soon within.

"You must be very discreet in all your movements, for the old nurse, Cloe, sleeps in my sister's room, which adjoins the one containing the articles we desire, and she has sharp ears."

Oh, fatal words! If Ernest only knew the importance they conveyed to his listener, he would have plucked his blundering tongue out by the roots ere giving utterance to them.

"You can rely upon *my* discretion; but be yourself cautious in returning."

"You keep watch without, while I am within securing the valuables," again whispered Ernest, and he entered the room.

"Now, *now*, Mercy Brantley, you shall feel my power!" muttered Elton, taking from his pocket a small phial and saturating his handkerchief. "Insolent! you should never become the wife of another, and to-night I will substantiate my assertion!" and, approaching the door of her room, he applied his ear to the key-hole. All was quiet. He turned the knob, but dropped it quickly with a half-smothered oath—the door was locked! Crouching deep in the shadow, he awaited developments. He had been in that position but a few seconds, when the door was opened, and Cloe stuck her head out, listening intently; and then, before she could summon aid, she felt something pressed to her nostrils, and she sank senseless upon the floor. Elton Norwood entered the chamber, approached the sleeping girl, whereon reclined the beauteous form of Mercy Brantley, and applied the handkerchief to her face, an exultant smile upon his own features.

"One kiss of her sweet, pure lips!" he muttered, as, leaning over her inanimate form, he fouled her full, ripe lips with his lecherous kiss. Well might damned spirits weep, and fiends rejoice!

Tearing a page from his memorandum, he penciled the following note:

"MISS MERCY BRANTLEY: When you discover the enormity of the wrong done you, lay it at my door. Consent to become mine, or your shame and dishonor will be heralded in the most public thoroughfares. At present I have no pretensions to your love, but it will grow in time, unconsecrated by pusillanimous actions. ELTON NORWOOD."

He pinned the note to the counterpane, and left the apartment, closing the door in time to hear Ernest returning from his labors.

"Come!" the latter harshly admonished him. "Everything of value is secured. Take them from me, for they are burning into my heart! Let us leave for your rooms, and we can declare a proper division at once."

He gave Elton several packages, and together they adjourned to the latter's apartments.

But Elton had different views regarding the disposal of the spoils, and, safely ensconced within his own room, with great composure he said:

"My dear Ernest, are you so foolish as to take your division of the collateral and sell them now, before a proper time has elapsed to allow the affair to be forgotten? You had better follow my advice and wait: it will thwart suspicion."

"No; I must have my share now, or never!" cried the intrepid youth.

"So be it, then. You shall have a portion of the jewels over your dividend;" and, selecting a small parcel, the speaker gave it to Ernest.

"This is only about one-quarter of to-night's work," he said, after examining the package, "and I demand more!"

"Which you shall not have!" exclaimed Elton, adding: "If was I who planned the robbery, and I intend keeping the rest for my own use."

"Then, by all the fiends, I'll murder you!" shouted the excited Ernest, as he sprang forward with a savage oath. But Elton had anticipated the assault, and, springing quickly aside, he dashed his assailant to the floor; and then, as the prostrate youth was rising, he caught up a chair, and was about to dash his brains out, when the door was opened and a woman rushed into the apartment, catching the chair in its descent.

"Hold, Elton Norwood!" she cried. "Do not add murder to your other sins. You have gone too far!" Then, turning to Ernest, she continued: "You had better take your departure while the opportunity remains. Go!"

"I thank you for your timely interference, and will accept of your advice," said Ernest, his hand upon the door-knob. Then, turning to the other, he continued: "Elton Norwood, I swear you shall rue this night's work!" and, with a bitter oath of vengeance, the hot-blooded youth left the house.

As he departed, Elton caught the woman by the wrist and demanded fiercely:

"You have interfered a second time, have you? Foiled me twice! Can't you keep where I put you?"

"I am no dainty piece of food, to be placed on ice until ready to be devoured. You will thank me some day, Elton, for my interference. Your grip hurts my wrist."

He dropped her struggling hand, a new light in his eyes; and, picking up the fallen chair, he said:

"I shall not, now, Rachel. You may go." And as he was left to himself, he muttered: "He must be disposed of! But how? Ah! Sloper is the man I desire."

About ten o'clock that same day he was seated in a low groggery near the West Philadelphia depot, in earnest conversation with a fellow of coarse, brutal aspect, relating the incidents of the previous night, and stating that he wanted Ernest removed.

"Easy, now—easy, man," said Ratt Sloper. "If these fellows are all ill-looking, they have that article known as a heart. Do you want me to hide the bloke away until you have done some certain bit of work that will prove an obstacle?"

"I want you to *kill* him! I don't care how."

"Why, you double-dyed villain!" indignantly exclaimed Sloper. "You think, because a fellow is ill-looking, repulsive, and is of humble living, that he is consequently a villain, eh? I'll give the authorities warning of your desperate character;" rising, and about to leave the place.

"No, you don't!" said Elton, exposing the gleaming tube of a revolver over the table-board. "Do you suppose I am a fool? Why, you dare not disclose your features to the police at this hour of the day."

Sloper quietly resumed his seat at the table, while Elton continued:

"You know now I am fully acquainted with your past history, and could send you to the dogs if I so wished. Now, let us talk business. You know Ernest Brantley well enough, and if you will put him out of my way as soon as you conveniently can I will give you one thousand dollars. There is an advance," giving him one hundred dollars, "and the rest is yours when I *know* he cannot trouble me any more."

"Depend on me, sir," said Sloper, awed to deference by the coolness of his employer; "and if, as you say, you know right of Ratt Sloper, you know his word to a——a *gentleman* is good as his oath. Is the fakir in town?"

"He was at four o'clock this morning; I hardly think he has left it seven hours after," was Elton's reply, as he arose, to signify that the conference was at an end. "I will call here at this hour four days hence, and now, good luck speed you," and he passed into the open air.

As he rode back to his apartments he thought: "Ernest dead, the sister my wife, what is to prevent my becoming possessor of the immense Brantley estates? Nothing!"

On entering his sitting-room he saw a deep-veiled figure sitting by the window, her classic head averted, as if in grief. He might well start, for it was Mercy Brantley; yet an exultant feeling throbbed in his heart. He bowed in mock humility to her, removing his hat and sitting at the centre-table.

"You must comprehend the nature of my visit?" she at length said, noting his silence and lifting her veil.

Aroused from his reverie, he glanced at the speaker, and an exclamation of astonishment escaped him. What a change had been wrought since the preceding night! Her beautiful face was as pale as the lingering moonbeams at the break of day. Blue-black rings encircled her once lustrous eyes, now red with grief.

"Well, Miss Brantley—Edith!" he managed to say, "the subject is of an extremely delicate nature; yet it must be broached. The wrong I have done you is too horrible for belief; yet it was my strong love for you that enforced the deed. I resorted to cunning against love—love your heart bears for another. I was mad, crazy at the thought of a rival receiving the affections I craved; yet when the full reality of my crime dawned upon me, I could have plucked my heart out with rage. But it is too late for regrets. Become my wife. Your family have ever been in the first circles of society. Will you permit its pride to suffer an ignominious fall?"

"No," she replied in trembling tones. "You must consummate this hollow mockery at once. The world must never know of the vortex of shame into which your hellish machinations have cast me. I will, Heaven helping me, be a true wife to you in everything but love. The ceremony must take place *here*, at eight o'clock to-night precisely. Until then I bid you adieu;" and she retired.

"Poor thing," muttered Elton, as he closed the door upon her retreating form. "Her great beauty would tempt a saint. Solemnly, I love that woman better than language can describe. I may tire of her some day, so I must be prepared in time. 'Solemn Joe' can perform the functions creditably, if I can only keep him sober long enough. Now, then, to give him an insight into the business."

Spread about in confusion, in a room with a low ceiling, where sat a party of four at a table, was a motley group of male persons, whose bloated countenances would be a disgrace even to the Rogues' Gallery. There was one exception only to the villainous throng, and that was an individual who rejoiced in the funereal appellation of "Solemn Joe." Solemn he was, if a long, thin, expressionless face could make one so appear. His sunken eyes, cadaverous cheeks, and a form answering to Shakespeare's Apothecary had gained for him the sobriquet, and the scoundrel felt proud of the cognomen. He was one of the four seated at the table playing cards. Let us hear what they say.

"Come, now, Solemn Joe," exclaimed one known as Barking Jimmy, "no cheatin'. Take that bow'r o' diminis out o' yer sleeve, or I'll bore a hole thro yer skinny carkiss."

"Say, look here, Barking James," retorted Joe, "I'll have no vile insinuations hurled against my immaculate integrity. You are doubtless aware of our chieftain being averse to any difficulties between us during his absence. Then, my Christian friend, I implore you to desist from your present course of proceedings, or they will undoubtedly lead to an unpleasant misunderstanding. Brethren, let us continue our pastime, the harmony of which has been momentarily interrupted by a great mistake—a pardonable one under the circumstances—on the part of our impetuous companion and illustrious lieutenant, Barking James, 'Squire."

Joe was extremely voluble at times, and often turned a serious quarrel into boisterous laughter; and his glib tongue had that effect this time, for Barking Jimmy laughingly said:

"Never mind, Joe; but when yer goes for ter cheat me ag'in, jus' see that yer cards are well up yer sleeve;" and with a dextrous movement he drew from Joe's sleeve the knave of clubs. The indignation of Joe was really laughable.

"Well, I'm be blowed!" he ejaculated. "That card must have fallen from my hand, and, in some unaccountable manner, obtained access to my garment. But I forgive you this time, James, and apology is unnecessary."

Further conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Norwood, who in reality was their captain; and at a sign from him all but Joe left the room.

"Joe," was the cautious villain's first word, "I desire a clergyman——"

"Exactly," said Joe. "Something like this: 'Married, by the Rev. J. Hanford, D. D., Mr. Elton Norwood to Miss L. A. Nens. All of this city. No cards.' If you will pardon a little levity, Captain, I might add to the above: 'No cards unless there is a full deck'—a cool five hundred. How does that accord with your ideas of propriety and refinement?"

"That is satisfactory, although it is a good deal to pay, Joe. The performance commences at eight o'clock sharp, and no wine; so, be sober; and I'll show my leather" [purse] "when you are through."

"I'll be there," said Joe, and they parted.

That same night, at "eight o'clock precisely," the "ceremony" had been spoken, and Mercy Brantley had become Mrs. Elton Norwood—in the eyes of the world; yet there was no record to show of the ceremony ever having been performed.

Meanwhile a solitary figure was traversing the lower portion of Market street, apparently in deep thought. There were few pedestrians abroad that night, for there was a gloomy, misty fall of rain. Yet, all unheeded of the inclement weather, on the man walked on. He crossed the bridge that lay above the muddy Schuylkill, and as he did so another form rushed out from the trellis-work and dealt him a stunning blow that leveled him to the earth. Then the newcomer plunged a glittering knife once, twice, thrice in the locality of the heart, and then, hearing approaching footsteps, turned and fled from the spot.

Shortly afterwards a dead body was conveyed to the station-house, and it proved to be that of Ernest Brantley. "Murdered by some unknown person or persons," the jury said. There was a small package of valuables found in the victim's pocket, and these, the agonized Mercy said, were old family relics. Diligent search was made for the perpetrators of the dastardly murder, and Elton Norwood offered a large reward for the apprehension of the guilty party. But it ever remained a secret.

Strange to relate, Elton Norwood never tired of his fiendish plot, but, as the child came onward, he moved from Philadelphia, going none knew whither. But, away from the haunts of his vile associations, his mode of living engendered a love for him that Mercy thought she could not tender. He grew charitable, and people blessed him, and children sang his praises; and to his former companions he set an example they could not emulate. Two children came to render his life happier, and in their society the loving mother grew resigned to the shackles Fate had placed on her life, and perhaps above she will meet him whose young life was so ruthlessly wrecked by a sacrifice of her love for honor.

NEW PLAYS
AT THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH THEATRES.

"LES MUSCADINS" (THE COXCOMBS), a new five-act drama by M. Jules Claretie, was produced at the Historique, Paris, France, during the week ending Sept. 26. It is thus reviewed by a correspondent of *The Era*:

"The plot of the present play oscillates uneasily between patriotism and adultery. The scene is laid in 1799, at the moment when the Directory ruled France, and was struggling against those countless conspiracies which a contemporary author termed "the mania of the period"—a gloomy epoch, full of grandeur and pettiness, the innermost records of which history will in all likelihood hesitate long to disclose. M. Claretie, like his predecessors in the same path, has chosen for himself a wide field. We must not allow ourselves, however, to be misled by his title. The new piece, so far as name goes, emits a decidedly historical odor, but history is a mere background to M. Claretie's work, its humble and unpretentious accessory. The Muscadins have no part in the drama, except as convenient supernumeraries, who open the action without afterwards crossing it in any prominent way. They only reappear from time to time, for no special purpose, seemingly, except, perhaps, to justify the ambiguity of his title. The scene of the first act is laid in one of those great open places at that day so numerous in Paris. Andre Lafresnaie, son of Laurent Lafresnaie, Secretary-general of Police, has returned with his General (Augereau) from the army of Italy. He meets one of his friends of the days of terror in the Rue-David, who refused to go to Coblentz to intrigue against his country. Andre is in a sad mood, but even to his old companion his tongue is tied as to the cause of his depression, for it arises from a horrible cause. He has discovered on the person of an *emigré*, arrested by his troops as a spy, proofs that his own father is conspiring against the safety of the republic, and is a traitor to France. While absorbed by the gloomy thoughts to which this incident gives rise, an honest Breton named Porhoute arrives, escorting his young mistress, Mlle. de Kermadio. The crowd begin to murmur at the Breton costume of their guests, and seem on a fair way towards swelling into violence when Andre interposes. 'Back,' he cries; 'there are no longer either Whites or Blues; there are none but Frenchmen!' The mob disperses respectfully before the young Republican hero, who escorts Marcelle de Kermadio to her home, and, as he takes his leave, a mutual passion springs between them which makes it clear to the audience that they are destined to love each other—indeed, that they love already. But an obstacle stands in the way of their courtship, in the person of the Count de Favrol, a kind of adventurer, to whom Marcelle is betrothed. This man is engaged in a conspiracy against the Republic, and we find him in the second act face to face with Laurent Lafresnaie, and plotting treason with him. Why has the Secretary of Police turned traitor? In order to lavish luxury on his young wife, Jeanne, whom he adores—and Jeannie has become Favrol's mistress! Thus, as I have said above, the plot of the drama turns on the double pivot of patriotism and adultery, the latter a subject so hackneyed on our stage, so old, yet seemingly so ever new. M. Claretie is a man of such undoubted talent that criticism need have no qualms as to being too severe upon him; and, consequently, I have no hesitation in saying that I found the second act heavy and tedious, which is generally fatal to the success of a piece. But in the third there is a fine dramatic scene. Father and son are confronting each other. 'I know all,' exclaims Andre; 'you betray your duty, tarnish your name, and fail in your mission!' The young man eloquently implores his father to break with Favrol, who is leading him toward an infamous crime, and urges him to become once more the man full of honor, whom his son loves and respects. But Laurent Lafresnaie has signed a covenant with Favrol that he cannot break. Andre insists, his father refuses. Then the young soldier becomes indignant at such persistent treason. He will defend, even against his own father, his country, thus menaced by danger, and he swears to Laurent that the first obstacle he will encounter on his infamous course shall be the corpse of his son. The whole house loudly applauded this fine scene, by which the third act is successfully terminated, and the actors were recalled. But Jeanne has learnt all. Her lover deceives her, and is desirous of espousing Mlle. de Kermadio. She longs for revenge, but how can she accomplish it? Should she denounce Favrol, she ruins her husband, who is the adventurer's accomplice; there seems no method open by which to attain her purpose. But the author leads us up to a denouement altogether unexpected. No marvel, logical or connected, abound at least in *coups de theatre*. And here I must dwell on what strikes me as a flagrant defect in 'Les Muscadins.' We have an abundance of striking situations; but, take any one of them you like, and I defy you to discover its commencement, middle and end. In no case will you find it develop itself by a necessary progress toward the culminating point where it turns and leads toward the *denouement*. The scenes seem strung together in a fragmentary fashion; and the drama, as I have remarked above, appears consequently to be wanting in cohesion. A striking example of this faulty construction is presented in the fourth act. Jeanne throws herself at the knees of her doting husband, implores him to abandon Favrol, to remain faithful to his duty, and thus retain the respect of all who know him. She adjures him in the name of his country and his son, and, finally carried away by her frenzy, avows to the old man who loves her so fondly what have been her relations toward the adventurer with whom he is conspiring. A terrible confession, and one that comes with a shock to the audience, accustomed though we have been lately to strong doses of eccentricities of the same nature. The scene takes place without our exactly knowing why, and ends without serving any purpose that we are made aware of. The terrible avowal might just as well have been suppressed. It has no more root in the past action of the play than consequences in the future; and when calmly reflected upon seems to be little more than a brilliant episode, intercalated for the purpose of displaying the tragic powers of the actress who impersonates Jeanne. Lafresnaie, when he learns the horrible truth, is at first prostrated by such a revelation; then, gathering strength with his fury, he thinks of killing the guilty wife, but that would neither restore his lost happiness nor wash away the stain on his honor. So he sits down under his misfortune, and the powerful but unnecessary scene closes. Jeanne has become aware of the existence of the fatal paper by which her husband is placed in Favrol's power, and determines to possess herself of it. She makes an appointment with her lover at a hotel where they have been in the habit of meeting. The interview is a stormy one. Suddenly the wretched wife succeeds in snatching Favrol's pocketbook, in which is the document she desires; and then it is no longer the feeble woman whose weakness he had formerly betrayed that her lover sees before him, but a lioness defending the safety of an outraged husband. 'All your efforts are useless,' she cries, 'you are lost, lost by me; in another instant you will be arrested in this room, where you expected to find love, but where death awaits you instead!' 'I shall kill you, then!' he exclaims. 'I know it,' answers Jeanne; 'I came here to die.' To tempt him to this assassination is now her great purpose. If she can secure his execution as a common murderer, and not as a Royalist conspirator, faithful to an honorable cause, her thirst for vengeance will be satisfied. She irritates Favrol to the utmost pitch, plays with his fury, until at last, exasperated beyond measure, he throws himself upon the wretched woman, and poinards her! The crowd, attracted by her cries, break into the room, and with them Lafresnaie, who, apprized by a letter from his wife, had hurried to save her. When Jeanne sees her husband she places in his hand the fatal packet that bound him to Favrol, and dies in saying: 'Je t'ai pris ton honneur, je te le rends!' The piece is full of variety, and contains so much action that it is listened to without fatigue, and frequently with pleasure. So far its success has been unquestionable, but its construction appears to me too faulty to insure it a lasting place on our boards."

"FLAMINGO, OR THE ROOK AND THE CAUSE," a musical folly, by F. Hay and Frank W. Green, was produced at the Strand Theatre, London, Eng., Sept. 18. *The Sunday Times* gives the following description of its plot:

"Rumbo, the senior partner of the firm of Rumbo & Soldi, merchants of the Tyrol, has three daughters, and is also the employer of Boscovi (head clerk), supposed to be single, the firm objecting to clerical benedicts; whilst Soldi, the other partner, has been saddled with his brother's widow, Normanda Pippina, a young and highly romantic female. To fill up the dramatic colors on the palette, the servant Allserina receives the occasional visits of a gendarme, her lover; and Boscovi has been in the habit of encouraging the attentions of Normanda Pippina, who is now absent on a visit. Rumbo, believing in the singleness and excellence of Boscovi, offers him the choice of one of his three daughters, much to Boscovi's discomfiture and the girls' disgust, their affections being fixed upon three Hussars. They determine to telegraph to their aunt for protection. This message falls into the hands of Gobbler, a clerk, who appears later on in the scene, a curious document, addressed 'Messrs. Rumbo, Soldi & Co.,' causes the firm some alarm, the tenor of it running thus: 'Without reproaching you, it's time your child should be acknowledged. Signed, CLARA.' That 'conscience makes cowards of us all' has long since been conceded; but the firm, rising above a suspicion they can scarcely stifle, magnanimously agree to adopt somebody's child, and the child alluded to is requested to apply to them at once. Normanda Pippina, returning by rail, has for a fellow-companion one Hannibal Gobbler, who is escaping from his creditors through losses by placing his money in a bubble company, which he was instigated by a certain Flamingo Pellicano; the application for a return of his money led to blows, ending in a commercial scandal—capital out of which was made by an enterprising photographer exhibiting their portraits in his window, labeled 'The Assassin' and 'The Assassinated.' A railway accident threw Normanda into the arms of Gobbler, disarranging the comforter in which he was enveloped, and she discovers, as she thinks, her portrait, Flamingo Pellicano the assassin. Her romantic nature elevates him into a hero, and she returns full of the Pellicano event to discover also that she has lost her pocketbook, in which sundry sweet nothings about Boscovi were recorded. Meanwhile, Gobbler, having found the book in question, calls to restore it, and, being destitute, naturally applies for a situation as clerk. Rumbo and Soldi, jumping to conclusions, believing him to be the young man alluded to by Clara, employ him, and install themselves as his duplicate parents. Normanda, seeing him thus employed, informs the firm that he is an assassin. Unconsciously aiding this delusion, Gobbler opens a large khife to mend his pen; the terrified firm at once conceive their lives in danger, and at the same time, from a paternal point of view, fear his arrest. During his temporary absence they have on his desk money, and a memorandum urging him to start at once. The Misses Rumbo, finding this memorandum, believe it to be the reply to the telegram sent to their aunt, and rashly leave home; whilst, to strengthen the idea that the law is on Gobler's track, sundry weapons belonging to the gendarme (Allserina's lover) are found by the firm on the premises. The real reply from the aunt has, however, been placed by Gobbler on the desk, informing the girls that it is a child's duty never to desert its parents." Rumbo and Soldi, finding this, conclude Gobbler means remaining, and the horror of being saddled with a filial assasin dawns on them. To guard the premises and prevent Gobbler's return to the house, the police are called to arms. In the third scene, Rumbo and Soldi, as sentinels, are on duty outside the house, whilst, overcome by sleep, Normanda, who has taken the supposed Flamingo under her protection, leads him into the chalet for safety, and the gendarme, originally placed in a cupboard by Allserina, is unable to escape. Gobbler, whilst love-making with Normanda, is astonished at being arrested as Flamingo; it then appears that Normanda has mistaken the portraits of the assassin for the assassinated. This explanation being considered satisfactory, Gobbler marries the relict and joins the firm. A second letter from the mysterious Clara reveals that she is the wife of Boscovi, and the child alluded to is his, he having passed himself off as the firm to conciliate an uncle, and so single to conceal the fact from the girls are captured at the railway by the clerks, and are eventually permitted to marry the three hussars."

"THE SEA IS ENGLAND'S GLORY," a nautical drama by Mr. Marchant was produced at the Britannia Theatre on Sept. 20. The heroine, Rachael Allison, has many suitors, and these include Richard Roper, a dissipated horse-stealer; Jocelyn, a young farmer; and Shirley Marks, a supposed yeoman, but in reality a notorious smuggler. The lady's choice, as a matter of course, falls on Jocelyn, which so enrages Roper that he is near putting an end to the life of his rival. However, like a true sailor, finding that he has not the slightest chance with Rachael, he becomes a sworn friend to Jocelyn. In his wanderings he discovers that Marks is in love with the girl. This so annoys him that he appears before the band of rascals, and is only too glad to see the arrival of the coast-guard, who, hearing of the intended landing of a cargo of smuggled goods, suddenly appear. The marauding scoundrels clear off, and Roper is taken and charged with being one of the band. The King wants men, and eventually Mark and Jocelyn are pressed, while Rachael is engaged by Marks and compelled captitiously on board his lugger, the accomplice. The English ship is now on the track of the smuggler. Rachael prefers "death before dishonor," and is tied to the mast, when the heavy booming of a gun is heard, which startles the owner of the smuggling ship, and soon arrives England's Oak, commanded by Captain Malcolmer. A sea-fight takes place, the "Scorpion is deprived of its sting," and the lovers are reunited.

TRADES AND CRAFTS OF SHAKESPEARE.

It may be interesting to trace what Shakespeare says of the traders and craftsmen, his contemporaries. And first we will take the mercer, or Master Dumbleton, who very prudently declines to give credit to that reckless knight Falstaff for the satin for his "short cloak and slop." He requires better security than the bond of Sir John and his dependent Bardolph; and the fat knight is naturally indignant, and rails at the "smooth pates," who "wear nothing but high shoes and bunches of keys at their girdles," and "stand upon security." It may here remark that the "bond"—a legal instrument binding the parties to it to the payment of a heavy penalty, generally double the principal, as a forfeit on the non-payment of the actual debt—was a favorite security with traders of the time of Shakespeare, and indeed has not long become obsolete, driven out by the more handy promissory note and bill of exchange. The haberdasher and the tailor are dramatis personæ in "The Taming of the Shrew." The haberdasher shows the cap he has made for Katharine, and departs without more words; but the tailor has more to say. He makes gowns and kirtles, the tailor of those days, as well as doublets and hose, and he is just as glib with his tongue as his modern representative. The tailor has ever been reproached with his insignificance, and Petruchio does not spare the conventional abuse: "Thou thread, thou thimble, * * * thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket, thou!" The yard measure is the emblem of the tailor, as the last is of the shoemaker ("Romeo and Juliet," act 1. sc. 2). In one of those charming scenes between Hotspur and his wife that occur in the First Part of "Henry IV," the gallant young Percy justifies her when she refuses to sing to the company: "'Tis the next" (nearest) "way to turn tailor or be red-breast teacher." The village tail

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

A JUDGE IN THE DOCK.

At twelve o'clock the case of Justice Knox, charged by R. A. Clark with having, on the 9th of the month, disturbed the peace by hammering loudly upon the thin partition which separates their respective apartments, came up before Justice Cox. R. A. Clark testified to being a music-teacher. Said he: "On the day named, at about eight o'clock in the morning, I was giving a music-lesson to a little girl—the daughter of Mrs. Shoals—when suddenly there came a noise upon the wall as if someone were beating against it with a sledge-hammer. And between the blows came the voice of Judge Knox, crying 'Stop that noise in there!' The little girl was frightened out of her wits, and ran home, declaring that she would never come again. The noise continued for several minutes. The same thing occurred at eleven o'clock the same forenoon. I can swear that the voice was that of Judge Knox."

A number of witnesses were sworn, who testified to having heard the thumping nearly a block away.

Justice Knox took the stand and said: The partition between my rooms and those of Mr. Clark is so very thin that ordinary conversation in my place can be easily heard in his, and vice versa. Why, I can tell you when a lady visitor of his has a silk dress on by the rustle. Mr. Clark doesn't seem to know how thin the partition is. More than once I have heard him talk to women in a way we all do, you know. Perhaps he talks a little louder than I would under such circumstances. I'm a married man, and that perhaps he's more eager. On the morning in question I was awakened by one of the most unusual noises I ever heard. I have three rooms, and sleep in the middle one. The door was closed between me and the front room, so I don't know whether the noise was there or in Clark's. I cried out: "Who in —— is making that noise?" and swore like a Turk.

When the hammering wasn't going on, the piano was. Nobody can play on that piano. I aint a musician myself, but no one can perform an artistic piece on that rattlebox of a machine. [Here the face of Judge Knox flamed with indignation, and he threw a sorrowful glance at Mr. Clark.] People say I'm down on Mr. Clark. It isn't so. I have said, and I say it again, that I wish he was in —— with his piano. I have offered to buy him out at his own price, and hunt him up a better place. I have offered the landlord $5 a month more than Clark pays for the premises. I have told the mother of that little girl, who comes there to play on that soul-scorching piano in the morning, that I would pay for her music lessons elsewhere, as I understand Clark teaches her for nothing. I have tried every way to get him out fairly, but it's no use.

Justice Knox continued: "I'm not going to be driven from my home, and I'll stand as much as another; but if any man can live in my house for three weeks without jumping out into the street once in a while and cursing the day he was born, he can have the place rent free."

Justice Knox further testified that he had not struck the blows upon the wall, nor had they been given with his consent. There was nobody in the house but himself at the times named by Mr. Clark and his witness. The case was then given to the jury, who retired at about 2 o'clock, and up to the hour of going to press (3.30 P. M.) had not been able to agree.—*Virginia Chronicle.*

HOW A WIFE DUPED HER HUSBAND.

Yesterday Adolphus Falbacher, living on Burgundy street, accompanied by his wife, visited the office of Justice Otto Benner for the purpose of praying a warrant for the arrest of Mrs. Eigoldinger, living on Union street, whom Mr. F. charged with having obtained $10 from him under false pretenses and fraudulent misrepresentations. From the statements made to the magistrate, the following alleged facts were gleaned: About a year ago Mr. F. had occasion to leave the city on business. He had not long been absent from home when he received, by letter, the joyous intelligence that a son and heir had been born unto him, and that his presence at home was much desired. A few hours' railroad travel brought him to his domicile. He danced with joy, and treated with all the neighbors that the "little shaver" was the very image of its father. He fondled and kissed the infant, and appeared the happiest man alive. Mrs. Eigoldinger was employed as nurse, and $10 promptly paid for her services. Everything moved along smoothly for a month. At the end of three months the little cherub was taken sick. Two of the best physicians in the city were called in, but, despite their efforts, the youngster died. This being the first and only offspring of the family, no expense was spared in the funeral expenses. A lot was purchased in the Cathedral burying ground, and a tombstone erected. The father visited the little mound at least once a week, and wept profusely over it. Mr. F. says the entire expense of the young one, from the time he first saw it up to the present time, is something over $300. On Friday last Mr. F., having learned from some of the neighbors that the child which he was grieving after was only a "foundling," thereupon demanded an explanation from his wife, and, taking her before Justice Benner, she admitted the entire fraud, stating that the woman who was to and did assume the character of nurse had brought the "little darling" to her, and she thought, by some maneuvring on her part, he would never be any the wiser. As the wife and the nurse are both mixed up in the criminal charge of extorting money, the magistrate is scratching his pate in his efforts to determine as to whether it would be prudent to issue the warrant asked for or not.—*Baltimore* (Md.) *News* Oct. 1.

SPINDLE-CITY SCANDALS.

LOWELL, Mass., Oct. 2.—Within the past few weeks Madam Rumor has been busily occupied in the circulation of gossip reflecting upon the character and good name of several prominent business men of Lowell, who have, one after another, been subjected to criticism for gross immoralities said to have been committed. The citizens referred to are prominent members of churches of the Spindle City, and, if all that is informally charged against them is proved to be true, evidence will be afforded that confidence in moral integrity is sometimes misplaced in our churches, as well as in the other walks of life. The first scandal reported had for its subject one of the leading wholesale traders of the city, actively connected with the First Congregational Church. Undue familiarity with a niece of his wife, while she was stopping at his residence, a year or more ago, and subsequent improper intimacy with the niece since his wife ordered her from the house, and which promises to be the illegitimate fruit, are the statements which are to be publicly verified by some tribunal. He is now absent from the city, to let the affair "blow over," as some of his friends say. No action has yet been taken by the church on the subject; but it is understood, on good authority, that the church committee will take some action on the matter on his return. If he is proven guiltless, his many friends will be relieved of a heavy weight of solicitude.

The other scandals, which have occasioned so much comment and sensation, have, for the most part, followed the one above referred to, and, it is to be hoped, have not as much foundation; although in one case a well-known grocer, and member of one of the Baptist churches of the city, has suffered from imputations of wrongdoing, in which one of the opposite sex is the other party, and which are not as well substantiated, perhaps, as in the case referred to in the first instance named. The last-named party, however, has not left the city, and shows a determination to prove by his present and future acts that he has committed no offense for which he is unprepared to answer before a court of justice or the bar of public opinion. It is said that he has adjusted a delicate matter, which settlement will relieve him of any future embarrassment. So prone is a community to color and exaggerate any wrong which may tarnish the good name of its people, that a due share of forbearance must be exercised, and a grain of allowance made, in making up a hasty verdict which affects the character of its residents.—Dispatch to *Boston* (Mass.) *Herald.*

A MUSIC-TEACHER RUNS OFF WITH A PUPIL.—INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 2.—On Wednesday night Frank Frake, a German music-teacher of Greenfield, Hancock County, a few miles east from here, ran off with the daughter of a prominent citizen named A. J. Banks. The girl was his pupil, and under 17 years of age. They were tracked to this city, where it was found they had boarded the Bloomington and Western Express. They were arrested in a sleeper at Campaign City, and returned here. They were taken back to Greenfield. Frake was under strong guard, as there were threats of lynching. Mr. Banks, father of the girl, was with the officers who captured Frake. He claimed that they were married in Nebraska Point, to which he had purchased tickets.

MRS. HATTIE RUSSELL, wife of James H. Russell, a prominent citizen of Indianapolis, Ind., sues for a divorce on the plea of cruelty, and asks for $50,000 alimony. He crosses her petition, and also sues James Sims and wife, parents of Mrs. Russell, for $100,000 damages, on account of their alienation of affections and breaking up his home. Leading lawyers of the city are engaged in the case.

PEDESTRIANISM.

PERKINS WALKS EIGHT MILES IN AN HOUR.

Concerning the recent successful attempt on the part of the champion walker of England, William Perkins, to accomplish the oft-tried feat of covering eight miles, square heel-and-toe, inside one hour, *The Sporting Life* gives the following particulars: "On Monday, Sept 20, W. Perkins, of the Old Kent-road, London, Eng., walked eight miles within the hour, and thus reached what has been regarded by many pedestrians as the summit of their ambition. It was ed. When, however, the intimation was repeated, the public woke up to the fact that a great thing was really to be attempted by a man who had a great chance of success, and who meant doing it if he could. Happily, this time the weather was decidedly in Perkins' favor. A few showers fell during Monday morning, but they rather favored than impeded the going, and in the afternoon there was next to no wind to interfere with the pedestrian. The exceptionally favorable circumstances and the reputation of Perkins proved sufficient to attract over 5,000 persons—one of the biggest gates seen in London during the last dozen years. At the outset the believers in Perkins were in a decided minority; but gradually it eked out that he had done some extraordinary trials, and, from 6 to 4 on Time, it became 5 to 4 on him just before the time of starting—5h. 35m. when he appeared on the ground—attended by J. Riley and H. Boot, the latter having trained him at Lewisham. No great amount of space is required to describe his walk. After being started by J. Vandy, the referee, he went off at a rattling pace, but in scrupulously fair style, and without any trace of the jumping action which sometimes distinguishes otherwise fair walkers at the outset of the race. The table below explains better than any wordy description could do how he did the remainder of the distance, and it only need be said that immense cheering signalized his completion of four miles in 28min. 59sec. In the sixth mile he began to fag; but afterwards picked up, and in the last went as it as if he was beginning rather than finishing, eventually completing the distance with every appearance of being able to do a bit more, had it been requisite, having won with 55sec. in hand. We append the times for each mile:

One mile	6:46	Five miles	36:32
Two miles	14:13	Six miles	44:24
Three miles	21:37	Seven miles	51:51
Four miles	28:59	Eight miles	59:06

THE TURF.

JEROME PARK FALL MEETING.

SECOND DAY—TUESDAY, OCT. 5.

The weather was fine, but the attendance exhibited a great falling-off as compared with that of previous years, or even with the assemblage that patronized the Spring meeting. The ladies' stand and the piazzas of the club-house were comparatively deserted, and the only cause that it could be attributed to is the alleged scarcity of money and the general prostration of business. The track was a safe one, but deep in sand, which rendered it slow.

THE MILE DASH,

which opened the sport, was for a purse of $500, for all ages, the 5 per cent. entrance-money going to the second horse. There was a penalty of 7lb for horses that had won $1,000, and beaten horses that had never won a race were allowed, if four years old or less, 7lb; if five years old or more, 12lb. Ten horses came to the post, none of which were liable to the extra weight. They were Geo. Lorillard's Leander, 95lb; McDaniel & Co.'s Josie B., 105lb; Babcock's Egypt, 108lb; P. Lorillard's Springlet, 85lb; Harbeck & Co.'s Australind, 85lb; Lloyd's Australia colt, 101lb; Doswell's Arcturus, 88lb; Mullen's Papermaker, 95lb; Reed's Rambler, 95lb; and Thompson's Emma, 105lb. Pools sold as under:

Josie B.	$160	$120	$175	$100	$200
Egypt	110	145	75	200	90
Springlet	80	70	100	70	140
Leander	50	45	50	35	75
Australind	40	40	45	25	50
Rambler	35	15	30	15	40
Papermaker	60	50	60	30	40
The field	60	50	60	30	40

In a very indifferent start—in which Arcturus was virtually left at the post, to the indignation of his owner, Major Doswell, who strongly fancied his chance—Leander and Josie B. got away in front, and at the turn were clear of their pursuing opponents, and maintained their positions all the way round into the straight-run home, when Egypt commenced to close up, and looked momentarily dangerous. Sparling, however, rode Leander with such resolution that the shifty son of Enquirer was kept going all the way, and, stalling off Josie B.'s challenge, won the race by two lengths in 1:47. Quyle's colt finished third, Josie B. fourth, and the girths. Egypt came next, lapped by Springlet and Australind, Arcturus, Rambler and Emma the whippers-in. The result was a triumph for the fielders, for French pool-tickets on the winner paid over $60.

THE HUNTER STAKES—

for three-year-old fillies, $100 each, half forfeit, with $1,000 added by the Jockey Club, of which the second horse received $200 out of the stakes—had only three runners out of the thirty-six nominations, which made its value $2,950. These were Belmont's Olitipa, McDaniel's Mattie A., and Grinstead's Gillyflower. The last-named was regarded as a nullity in the race, the issue of which was looked upon as resting between Olitipa and Mattie A. Pools sold at the following rates:

Olitipa	$1,000	$1,100	$1,200	$1,600
Field	410	510	610	780

When the flag fell Gillyflower went off with the lead, but was speedily passed by Mattie A, on whose saddle-girths Olitipa closely hung, as if determined not to allow her to get any great lead. Around the club-house bluff and lower turn, and up the straight homestretch, the pair raced head-and-head. They continued to race together until just before reaching the half-mile pole, when Olitipa's jockey relaxed his pull on the bridle-reins, and the filly went to the front and galloped home the winner of the race, in the easiest possible style, by ten lengths before Mattie A., capable of being made into fifty if necessary, in 3:14, Gillyflower beaten away off.

THE MATURITY STAKES

—a dash of three miles, for four-year-olds, at $200 each, half forfeit, with $1,200 added by the club, of which the second horse received $200—was the next race. Of the twenty-five nominations five came to the post: Longstaff's Countess, McDaniel's Madge, Lowell, who was Hoxter, Reed's Brigand, and Donahue's Osage. This was a falling-off in the class of contestants from the time when Glenelg, Preakness, Harry Bassett and others ran for this stake. Of the present runners there was not one who was believed capable of going the distance when running in good company. Pools sold:

Countess	$1,500	$1,200	$600	$500
Madge	285	360	405	385
Brigand	740	455	265	260
The field	660	400	175	205

Osage and the Hoxzer made the running for nearly two miles, when Col. McDaniel gave orders to the rider of Madge to go to the front. He at once moved up, and, passing Osage and Hoaxer, made the pace faster than before. But Swim, on Countess, moved up also, and, collaring Madge, raced with her to the club-house bluff, where she had McDaniel's mare beaten, and then, quitting, galloped home a very easy winner by two lengths in 5:43½, the Hoaxer third, and Brigand, who broke down, fourth.

THE MILE-AND-HALF DASH,

for a purse of $600, with the entrance money to the second horse, had five runners: St. Martin, Joe Cerns, Nettie Norton, Invoice and Warrior. St. Martin, before the start supplanted Joe Cerns as the favorite in the betting, pools selling as under:

St. Martin	$375	$950	$410	$250	$455
Joe Cerns	275	805	330	270	435
Nettie Norton	240	605	275	235	550
Invoice	235	600	275	275	450
Field	135	225	85	85	285

Invoice made the running, with Joe Cerns and St. Martin in attendance and close up for a mile, when little Tom Sayers let out St. Martin, and, after a short struggle with Joe Cerns, won easily by a length in 2:42, Nettie Norton third.

THE STEEPLECHASE HANDICAP

for a purse of $800, of which the second horse received $200, had six runners, viz., Trouble, 158lb; Diavolo, 158lb; Deadhead, 152lb; Coronet, 146lb; Busy Bee, 123lb; and Boz., 125lb. Trouble sold first choice for $550; Diavolo for $400; Deadhead, $300; Coronet, $250; and the field, $250. It proved one of the fastest and best steeplechases ever run at Jerome Park, all the horses taking the jumps in splendid style. Trouble, closely attended by Diavolo and Coronet, made the running, and, after a most exciting finish, Diavolo won by two lengths in 4:15¼—the best steeplechase time ever made at Jerome Park.

THIRD DAY—FRIDAY, OCT. 8.

The heavy fall of rain on Wednesday, and the threatening appearance of the weather next morning, caused Thursday's racing to be postponed until Friday, when a clear, bright sky and warm sun made the weather enjoyable. The track was very deep and heavy, and the time made in the various races was, under the circumstances, fast. The first race was a

MILE-AND-HALF DASH

for a purse of $500, the winner to be sold by auction, with weight allowances according to entered selling price. Six horses started: Century, 96lb; Burgoo, 101lb; Mr. F. Carver, 102lb; Lelaps, 91lb; Josie B., 98lb; and Piccolo, 104lb. The betting was brisk, Piccolo selling for $200; Josie B., $175; Carver, $170; Lelaps, $175; Century, $130; and Burgoo, $110. Josie B., with Century next, Piccolo third, and the others widely strung out, made the running from the start. As the horses turned into the homestretch on the last quarter mile, her rider took her next the rails, where the ground was heaviest, which allowed Evans to bring up Piccolo on the outside, and, after an exciting finish, he won the race by a neck in 2:45¾; Josie B. second, Century third, Carver fourth, and Burgoo last. The winner was sold, there being no advance on his entered selling price of $1,000.

THE GRAND NATIONAL HANDICAP,

a sweepstakes of $100 each, half forfeit, with $1,000 added by the Jockey Club, was the second event, the second horse in the race receiving $200 out of the stakes. The distance was two miles and a quarter, and of the fourteen horses originally entered only three came to the post, viz., Aaron Pennington, 4yrs., 116lb; Shylock, 5yrs, 116lb; and Willie Burke, 3yrs., 90lb. Although Pennington had the worst of the weights, carrying 8lb more than regular weight for age, and giving Shylock two years, he was made the favorite at the following rates:

Pennington	$800	$3,100	$1,200	$1,500
Willie Burke	610	600	320	210
Shylock	500	680	280	530

Pennington immediately took the lead, followed by Shylock and Willie Burke, for the first mile, when the latter took second place. On the last mile the race lay entirely between the favorite and Willie Burke, for Shylock quit at the club-house bluff, notwithstanding all Hayward's efforts to keep him going; and so strong and full of running was the three-year-old that it required all Bobby Swim's horsemanship to keep Aaron Pennington in the lead. The latter, however, ran with astonishing gameness under the heavy weight he carried, and won a fine race by half a length in 4:15¾, Shylock finishing twenty lengths behind. Value of the stakes, $1,730.

THE MILE-HEAT RACE,

for a purse of $700, had only two runners—Mattie A. and Rhadamanthus, the former being the favorite at the odds of $1,000 to $725. In the first heat Rhadamanthus made the running at such a clinking pace that the favorite never was able to reach him, and he won the heat by three lengths in 1:48. Rhadamanthus was now backed at $1,000 to $200, for the filly had shown symptoms of distress after the first heat, and had not got over it when the bell rang for the second. Rhadamanthus got the best of the send-off, was never headed, and won the heat and the race by six lengths in 1:48½. The winner was recently purchased of Mr. Belmont by Mr. George Longstaff for $3,000, and bids fair to be a paying investment. Mr. Belmont gave $7,000 for him last season, when a two-year-old, and has won two races with him—a sweepstakes of $4,000 and a purse of $500.

THE FIVE-FURLONG DASH

for a purse of $500, for two-year-olds, had six runners: McDaniel's Virginius, P. Lorillard's Cyril, Donahue's Mollie Carew, Grinstead's Mettle, Bevins' Bonnie Doon filly, and Davis' Fredericktown. It was a very heavy betting race, pools selling as follows:

Virginius	$725	$1,000	$600	$750	$500
Mettle	400	320	410	575	325
Cyril	200	335	220	260	100
Fredericktown	80	110	100	145	75
Mollie Carew	90	140	100	130	75

Mollie Carew took the lead, with Bevins' filly next, Cyril and Mettle third and fourth, and the favorite fifth, the latter cutting up capers at the starting-post. Cyril soon took the lead from Mollie Carew, and appeared to be running easily, when Virginius came with a brilliant rush, and, running with great gameness, won the race by a head in 1:06¾.

FOR CONTINUATION SEE ANOTHER PAGE.

BASEBALL.

ATHLETIC vs. HARTFORD.

The Athletics and Hartfords, having settled their little differences, and "buried the hatchet," met for the fourth time this season Oct. 5, on the former's ground, in Philadelphia. Both nines were shorthanded, having substitutes in the catchers' positions in Anson and Hardidge in the place of Clapp and D. Allison, who were injured and unable to play. The game was the finest ever played in Philadelphia, both nines fielding magnificently throughout, the Athletics, by the heavy hitting of Craver, Anson and Hall, earning four of the seven runs they made, while Sutton's solitary error proved a costly one, it giving the Hartfords all the runs they scored—four—in the very last inning. The Athletics scored in only two innings, Craver, Anson and Hall making fine hits in the second and repeating the same in the seventh inning, which, together with excusable errors by Burdock, Bond and Harbidge, yielded seven runs—four earned. Mills was the only one of the Hartfords that made a clean hit during the first eight innings, and he did so each time he went to the bat, being unfortunate enough, however, to be forced out at second base three times by Burdock. In the ninth inning, Bond and Harbidge led off for the Hartfords with safe hits for one base each, and, after the latter had a most narrow escape from being run out between the bases, through Craver's hesitancy, a very wild throw home by Sutton on Allison's hit allowed Bond to score; and as Mills followed with his fourth clean hit, and Anson had his first passed ball, two more runs were scored, and the Hartfords just managed to save themselves from being "Chicagoed." Craver and Anson excelled in batting and Force in fielding for the Athletics; Mills taking a decided lead at the bat for the Hartfords, while York and Remsen made magnificent catches in the outfield. The weather was bright and warm; about one thousand persons were present.

ATHLETIC.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Force, s. s...	4	0	0	2	6	0
Egler, c. f.	4	0	2	1	1	0
Fisler, 1st b.	4	0	1	10	0	0
Sutton, 2d b.	4	0	1	0	2	1
Craver, 3d b.	4	2	2	1	2	0
Anson, c.	5	2	3	6	1	2
Hall, l. f.	4	2	2	1	0	0
McBride, p.	4	1	0	0	5	0
Bechtel, r. f.	4	0	2	2	0	0
Totals	38	7	12	27	18	3

HARTFORD.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Mills, 1st b.	4	1	1	9	0	0
Burdock, 2d b.	3	2	2	7	0	1
York, l. f.	2	3	1	0	1	0
Ferguson, 3d b.	3	0	2	1	1	1
Remsen, c. f.	3	2	1	1	0	0
Carey, s. s.	4	4	3	0	0	0
Cummins, p.	1	2	0	1	0	0
Harbidge, c.	3	2	0	7	1	1
Totals	23	16	10	27	3	3

Athletic	0	3	0	0	0	0	4	0	0—7
Hartford	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	0—4

Runs earned—Athletic, 4. First base on errors—Athletic, 3; Hartford, 1. Double-play—Force, Craver and Fisler, 1; Burdock and Mills, 1. Umpire, George Heubel. Time, 1h. 55m.

FLYAWAY vs. CONFIDENCE.

On Oct. 4 the Flyaway Club of New York—short the services of Shandley and Dwyer—met the Confidence Club of New Rochelle at the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, N. Y., and after a very well played game the Westchester champions came off victors. The lead was won by the Flyaways in the first inning, enough a muff by Tovar, and the third inning of another unearned run was given the Flyaways by the errors of Cashing and Waters. In the fifth inning the Confidence side batted Fallon for three base-hits, and, being assisted by errors of Quinn, Snape and Kelly, four unearned runs were scored. Fallon was then struck out, the last by 4 to 2. In the sixth inning the Flyaways rallied well at the bat, Snape, Fallon, Quinn and Loughlin scoring base-hits in succession, and earning one run. But for Loughlin's loss of a point in base-running in this inning, the Confidence score would have been tied. Quinn was caught into the straight-run home, when Loughlin commenced to close up, and looked momentarily dangerous. Sparling, however, rode Leander with such resolution that the shifty son of Enquirer was kept going all the way, and, stalling off Josie B.'s challenge, won the race by two lengths in 1:47. Quyle's colt finished third, Josie B. fourth, and the girths. Egypt came next, lapped by Springlet and Australind, Arcturus, Rambler and Emma the whippers-in. The result was a triumph for the fielders, for French pool-tickets on the winner paid over $60.

THE HUNTER STAKES—

for three-year-old fillies, $100 each, half forfeit, with $1,000 added by the Jockey Club, of which the second horse received $200 out of the stakes—had only three runners out of the thirty-six nominations, which made its value $2,950. These were Belmont's Olitipa, McDaniel's Mattie A., and Grinstead's Gillyflower. The last-named was regarded as a nullity in the race, the issue of which was looked upon as resting between Olitipa and Mattie A. Pools sold at the following rates:

Olitipa	$1,000	$1,100	$1,200	$1,600
Field	410	510	610	780

When the flag fell Gillyflower went off with the lead, but was speedily passed by Mattie A, on whose saddle-girths Olitipa closely hung, as if determined not to allow her to get any great lead. Around the club-house bluff and lower turn, and up the straight homestretch, the pair raced head-and-head. They continued to race together until just before reaching the half-mile pole, when Olitipa's jockey relaxed his pull on the bridle-reins, and the filly went to the front and galloped home the winner of the race, in the easiest possible style, by ten lengths before Mattie A., capable of being made into fifty if necessary, in 3:14, Gillyflower beaten away off.

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Osage and the Hoxzer made the running for nearly two miles, when Col. McDaniel gave orders to the rider of Madge to go to the front. He at once moved up, and, passing Osage and Hoaxer, made the pace faster than before. But Swim, on Countess, moved up also, and, collaring Madge, raced with her to the club-house bluff, where she had McDaniel's mare beaten, and then, quitting, galloped home a very easy winner by two lengths in 5:43½, the Hoaxer third, and Brigand, who broke down, fourth.

THE MILE-AND-HALF DASH,

for a purse of $600, with the entrance money to the second horse, had five runners: St. Martin, Joe Cerns, Nettie Norton, Invoice and Warrior. St. Martin, before the start supplanted Joe Cerns as the favorite in the betting, pools selling as under:

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for a purse of $700, had only two runners—Mattie A. and Rhadamanthus, the former being the favorite at the odds of $1,000 to $725. In the first heat Rhadamanthus made the running at such a clinking pace that the favorite never was able to reach him, and he won the heat by three lengths in 1:48. Rhadamanthus was now backed at $1,000 to $200, for the filly had shown symptoms of distress after the first heat, and had not got over it when the bell rang for the second. Rhadamanthus got the best of the send-off, was never headed, and won the heat and the race by six lengths in 1:48½. The winner was recently purchased of Mr. Belmont by Mr. George Longstaff for $3,000, and bids fair to be a paying investment. Mr. Belmont gave $7,000 for him last season, when a two-year-old, and has won two races with him—a sweepstakes of $4,000 and a purse of $500.

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Mollie Carew	90	140	100	130	75

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Fisler, 1st b.	4	0	1	10	0	0
Sutton, 2d b.	4	0	1	0	2	1
Craver, 3d b.	4	2	2	1	2	0
Anson, c.	5	2	3	6	1	2
Hall, l. f.	4	2	2	1	0	0
McBride, p.	4	1	0	0	5	0
Bechtel, r. f.	4	0	2	2	0	0
Totals	38	7	12	27	18	3

HARTFORD.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Mills, 1st b.	4	1	1	9	0	0
Burdock, 2d b.	3	2	2	7	0	1
York, l. f.	2	3	1	0	1	0
Ferguson, 3d b.	3	0	2	1	1	1
Remsen, c. f.	3	2	1	1	0	0
Carey, s. s.	4	4	3	0	0	0
Cummins, p.	1	2	0	1	0	0
Harbidge, c.	3	2	0	7	1	1
Totals	23	16	10	27	3	3

Athletic	0	3	0	0	0	0	4	0	0—7
Hartford	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	0—4

Runs earned—Athletic, 4. First base on errors—Athletic, 3; Hartford, 1. Double-play—Force, Craver and Fisler, 1; Burdock and Mills, 1. Umpire, George Heubel. Time, 1h. 55m.

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THEATRICAL RECORD,

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the time of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that by a recent change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., to be transit between the United States and Canadas, must be *prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Oct. 11.

LADIES' LIST.

Abbott, Nellie (2)
Armond, Aunena
Arnold, Ella
Arden, Minnie(actress)
Baker, Mrs. F. F. 5c.
Brunnell, Addie
Barrett, Mrs. Julia
Bush, Dora
Bradley, Leanora
Bushell, Lena(Jig.
Burke, Nellie M.
Clair, Annie (jig-dancer)
Connolly, Sadie
Cope, Annette
Crayton, Gusale
Cleves, Lu-lu
D'Eze, Helen
Dacy, Ann
Darden, Fannie
De Amecils, Sallie
Everton, Lu-lu (2)
Ellis, Lillie D.
Harris, Mrs. Harry
Francis, Lillie(velocipedist)
Freeman, Susie & Lizzie
Foy, Ida (2)
Farrell, Della
Foy, Addie(actress)
Griffiths, Laura
Gay, Mamie
Garland, Cherrie
Galton, Blanche
Grinnell, Addie
Grant, Mrs. (of "Bit Creek" Co.)
Greene, Annie J.
Girard, Eva (vocalist)
Howes, Mrs. Mary J.
Hallett, Mrs. Alice 2c.
Howard, Mrs. G.C.
Harvey, Kate (2)
Hezley, Grace
Hastings Sisters
Herrmann, Mrs. A.
Hall, Minnie
Henri, Flora (2)
Hodges, Mrs. J. A.
Harrison Sisters
Hale, Alice
Hirschfield, Phillis C.
Hallett, Mrs. Lew
Hall, Lillie A.
Hindle, Annie
Hastings, Kate (of Hastings Sist.)
Heinz, Florence (of "Two Orph" Co.)
Johnson, Frankie (4)
Kearedy, Mrs. Nellie Palmer
Kurtzweil, Johanna
Leslie, Jennie (2)
Laurent, Edna
Lizzie Della (vocalist) (2)
Lillian, Grace & Lena
Le Brun, Marie
Lee, Minnie
Lenton, Mrs. Her bert
Loder, Minnie
Mason, Sally (variety "she")
Moore, Margaretta B. (2)
Mayo, Ella
Mortimer, Mrs. J. K.
Mulvey, Lizzie (2)
May, Clara
Mortimer, Lu-lu
Martin, Alice 2c.
Moselin, Mary
Montelle, May
Mitchell, Maggie
Montague, Fannie
Mayfield, Fannie
Montague, Miss F. 2c.
Norton, Mrs. Wash
Nash, Helen (with A. Bennett)
Orton, Mrs. Lucy
Poinier, Marie
Pierson, Fannie
Pisanio, Lea
Peyser, Mrs. Dave
Peck, Nellie
Rainiord, Alice
Ross, Faitie
Rosetta, Miss M.(2)
Stanley, Maude
Shirley, Mrs. Malinda Nagle
Sylvester, Louise(4)
Stewart, Ada (vocalist)
Sanford, Kittie
Sheridan, Mrs. Wm. B.
Stuart Sisters
St. Audley, Rose
Schofield, Imogene
Swinburne, Marie
St. Clair, Sadie
Stuart, Adelaide
Stacey, Maude
Talus, Ella
Western, Lucille(2)
Woodhall, Victoria
Wilton, Lillie
Woods, Carrie
Whittle, Mrs.
Woodroid, Mrs. W. H.
Watts, Mrs. Louisa
Lee, Mlle.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Alyne, E. T. J. (2)
Armstrong, Jr., J. (manager)
Allen, Harry T.
Almytos, Joe
Arnold, Geo. J. B (2)
Allen, D. R.
Allen, "Doc" J. O. K.
Abbott, J. W.
Allen, Chas. C.
Allen, Frank (actor)
Aubrey & King
Broughton, J. L.(3)
Bunnell, Chas. H. (agent)
Bowler, Brooklyn
Bush, L. T. (2)
Berger, Fred G. (2)
Burgiss, G. 60.
Herman, Jr., Bloss.m Bros.
Bloodgood, Harry
Beecher, H.
Blanchard, C. A.
Bristol, W. H.
Budd, Willie
Brown, C. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Burke, Sergt. Jno (drills)
Badger, J. E.
Benedict, J. O.
Brand, Prof. T. H.
Burg and Joe
Barlow, Milt. G.
Berkley, Jno. W.
Bryan, Jas. 50c.
Blossom, Nat (2)
Burnett, Alf.
Beverly, C. Stuart
Brown, Chas. J.
Bergman, Carl
Bolts, Enrico
Bird, J.
Butler, Prof. A. (of Georg. Minst.)
Bond, C. A. (of Wood's Minst. & J. Robins. Cir.)
Bailey, H. (of Hill & Bailey)
Brunaux, Emile
Bemon, Jas.
Bennett, Wallace
Bray, Walter (2)
Bolger, Tony
Benson, Chas.
Bray, Billy
Bryant, Wm.
Burnett, Alf
Bliss, Eugene
Bonno, Sig.(wizard)
Braham, Harry N.
Beecher, G
Dacnon, Howard
Collins, Billy (of Collins & Oakes)
Cole, Mr. (of Cole's Circ.)
Cody, W. F. (3)
Carter, J. Heuegge
Cole, W. Phillips
Chilton, E. B.
Crusoe, Chas. A.
Casper, Jno. H.
Chirski, Prof. (magician)
Converse & Mudge
Clarke, Billy
Cooke, Louis E.
Curtis, Frank
Cushing, Fay C. (2)
Coney, Geo. W.
Cooper & Fields
Collins, Joe (of Bryant's Minst.)
Crossley & Elder
Cole, Jas. & Lena
Cole, Lew
Davis, Homer H.
Donnaly, Johnny
Dashington, Jerry (2)
Darlington, Jerome
Dunbar, E. Kidder
Dodge, Ben (3) 2c.
Dexter, Chas. H.(2)
De Mott, Eugene J.
Desar, Geo.
Davenport, Louis
Daily, Bobby
Downie, John Henry
Drew, Jr., Frank (circus biz)
Dunning, Harry
Davis, Chas.
Dyring, T. T.
Duffy, Ed. S.
Demerest, J.
Dillon, John A.
Doremus, Prof. Chas. A.
Dixon Twins, S.
Dutton & Johnson (comedy team) (2)
De Vas, F. P.
Dobson, J. S.
Darley, Mahon
Eddy, Clinton
Ecker, Prof. Jno.
Everetts, H. (of Howe's Cir.)
Fortescue, Geo. K.
Frayne, Frank L.(2)
Foster, J. C.
Fraser, Bruce (circus "biz")
Fabra, Sig.
Florentine, Mons.
Fields, Jno. F.
Freech, J. W.
Field, Jas. R. (with Leavitt-Ferdinand, Mons. (of Europ. Cir.)
Fenner, Walter W.
Francis, Prof.
Forst, J. (of Murray's Cir.)
Foote, Jr., Wm.
Gleason, Chas.
Goss & Fox (2)
Gleason, Edward
Gorman, Budd
Gerry, D. S.
Goodall, J. N.
Gaylord, A. E.
Gorman, Eugene F.
Grace, J. (with Outlender)
Good, Chas. M.
Garzon, Jas. (candy "biz")
Goldberg, Prof. (magician)
Granger, Tom
Gorey, Jno.
Gilday, Chas.
Gaskins, Charrie
Hasking, W. S.
Holmes, E. W.
Holbrook, Jas.
Heywood, Jr. (of Heywood Bros.)
Holland, T. S.
Hoey, Wm.
Hills, Ed. S.
Henderson, Abe
Herbert, R. (female impers.)
Henry, Hi
dall, Frank A
Hartley, Lew
Howard, C. (of Howard & Carle)
Hamilton, Wiley
Herman, Professor
Hutcsings, Samuel M.
Henderson, Jas. B
Henderson, W. H.
Hall, Mills
Haggard, A. (musician)
Hudson, G. B.
Holland, Geo. (of Cooper's Cir.)
Homer & Holly
Hardyn, Mr. (with Whitm. & Clark)
Heeney, Ned
Hyatt, Frank
Harry, Billy
Harrigan & Hart(2)
Hogan, Jno.
Habelman, Theo.
Hamilton, A.
Hoffman, A. (violinist)
Harcourt, G. B.
Hamon, Geo.
Hanley, Jr., W. 3c.
Howard, J. (of "Chris & Lena")
Hallinan, Jas.
Hess, Geo.
Hanson, Moses B.
Hayward, Chas.
Hall, Gus. P.
Healey, Dr. Jno. E
Henry, Thos. W.
Hodges, D. B.
Holland, J. Sidney
Herrmann, Prof. A.
Herschfield, Hugo
Hall, C. A. H.
Hoburg, Casper H.
Hart's Colo. Minst. (2)
Julian, E.
Jee, Harry
James, Geo. T.
Jordan, Jno. (of Orient. Cir.
Shay's Co.)
Johnson, C. (late of Tivoli Thea., N. Y.)
Johnson, Robert (tumbler)
Kelly, J. A. (of Con Kelly & Co.)
Kauer, Geo. (musician)
Knight, Fred W.
King, C. (trainer
Kidder, C. W.
Keane, Jos. H.
Kelsey, Prof.
Kelsey, Jno. T. (Irish comedian)
Kelly, Harry
Kane, Billy (prize pack.)
Kane, Thos.
Keene, Jule
Kennedy, H. (ventriloq.)(2)
Lovell, W. H.
Lavake, Will K. (2)
La Burton, Clarence
Levit, H. (2)
Little, R. (of Georg. Minst.)
Leony, M. D.
Lent, Jr., L. B.
Leach, E. H.
Lee, Gus (clown)
Lucas, S. (of Georg Minst.)(2)
Lennon, Jas. H. (of Bryant's Minst.)
Leopold, Geo.
Lennox, G. (musician)
Leathwood, Frank
Lalue, J. H. (of Howard & Lalue)
Laiscelle, Lyman
Le Clair, Jno.
Lavanion Bros.
McAllister, W. (of Robin. Minst.)
Marzen, Jno. (Dutch "biz")
McVicker & Sully (2)
Mitchell & Elmer
Morton, Will H.
Murphy, J. C.
Miner, Harry (manager)
Montague, Harry
McSver, Jno (musician)
Mendel, H. (Dutch "biz")
Mora, Carlo (2)
McHallie, Harry
McGill & Strong
Murphy & Shannon
McAuliffe, Frank (equestrian)
McKeon, Jas.
Monta, Ed.
Murray, Geo. W.
Macklin & Wilson
MacEvoy, Fred
Mitchell (manager)
Mack, Harry (of H. D Este Co.)
Mortimer, J. M.
Mundo, M. (music direct.)
Metts, Rudolph
Morris, Andy (clown)
Morton, Chas. (of England)
Mortimer, Wm. G. (2)
Meacham, Col. A. B.
Maddon, P.
Metcalf, Thos.
Mansel, Prof.
Mack, Thos. Jno 3c.
McNulty Barney F.
McGee, Jno.
Norris & Frevene
Marra, Frank (Irish comed.)
Nash, J.
Nobles or Rogers' Dram. Co., Milt.
Nonis, Jos.
Oliver, Jos.
Onzalo, Joe E.
Ogden, C. D.
Ogden, S. D'Orsay
Ostrander, T. F.
Osborn, Harry (comedian)
Onzalo Bros.
O'Brien, Fred. (of Howe's Cir.) 3c.
Ogden, Bryan
Parento, Leo
Peel & Ward
Plunkett, Sr., Chas.
Pullman, H. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Pastor, Tony
Parend, N.
Pickart, Willis
Pope, W. C.
Perry, A. (song-and-dancer)
Peters, Gus
Pedrew, Lewis P.
Perry, Ben
Quick, Fred H.
Robinson, Jas. (equestrian)
Ritter, Paul
Rogers, Chas. S.
Robinson, Dasher of Orchl.
Rivers, Frank (manager) (2)
Rogers & Deroe
Ryder, J. A. (musician)
Roberts, Billy (2)
Rosher, Hugh
Robson, Stuart
Runnells, Burnell
Rhoades, Pearley B.
Rowland, Jas. (gymnast)
Roberts, Jas. H.
Ransom, W. V.
Radcliff, J. H.
Reyl, Billy & Maggie
Reynolds, Wm. (Dutch "biz")
Rowe, C. F. (Dram Author)
Sharpley, Fred
Shepard, Wm. (late of Orient. Cir. Shay's Co.)
Stapelis, R. R (agent)
Sadler & Green
Smith, W. A. (2)
Scnulze, A.
Sweet, Stephen H.
Sloat, Fred
Seamon & Somers
Scott, "Bob" (2)
Spiers, J. J.
Silliard, N. B.
Studley, Jno. B.
Smith, D. H.
Sheldon, Nelson(2)
Snow, Louis A.
Smith, Charles
Scout, Jr., Chas.
Stevens, J. R.
Streisnd, W. T.
Sanyesh, Sam.
Schumann, H. 10c.
Smith, D. H. (of Dog, & Bend.)
Smith, W. A. (skater)
Sa ler, T. (of Green & Sadler)
Swanton, T. Hutchinson
Scott & Bryant's Minstrels
Shapley, Emile C.
Sanford & Wilson
Shaw, Matt
Smith, N. B.
Spaulding, W. P.
Sloan, H. H. (3)
Simmons, E.
Spence, J. W
Spiral
Sutton, Chas.
Stearns, Justus
Sanford, Jos. (gymnast)
Sydney, Geo. (of Wallace Sist.)
Stoddart, Geo. W.
Thornton, Chas.
Tobin, Prof.
Tinnon, Bart
Turner, Tommy
Talbott, Harry
Tuton, C. H.
Thomas, Erwin
U. B. C., Sig.
Ulmer, Frank
Wallace, J.
Ware, Geo.
Wil on, Edgar T.
Weiss, Dan
Williams, H. M.
Walters, Claude
Wilson, F. B.
Williams, Sidney
Wallace, Robert
Wright, Frank
Westbury, D. A.
Wordon, Geo.
Wagner, Carl (2)
Woodland, N.
Whetzoy, Jas. A.
Willis, Richard
Wentworth, Walter
Wells, G. M.
Winship, Sam
Wires, R. S.
Whitehead, Jno.
Welch, Jas.
Weaver, Master Add
Weller, Eugene A.
Young America Troupe
Zera, Prof.

LETTERS FOR THE FOLLOWING PROFESSIONALS were at the Detroit (Mich.) post office on Oct. 7: Prof. Marinho; Lucille Hart; Geo. W. Shields; and Clara Moore of Blaisdell's Bohringers.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Oct. 11, '75.

Outdoor amusements and free stump-speaking are again coming into favor, to the annoyance of the regular theatres and kindred establishments. At least we begin to see signs of the annual political campaign, when the city is made lively with the enthusiastic demonstrations of the pot-boilers and double-enders, and the rostrum groans beneath the weight of the intellectual feast prepared by the wayside orators and the Holyrollers. Banners are being flung to the breeze, curb-stones made brilliant by the many-hued gutter-snipes, while one-horse wagons, with a big drum and a boy, give indication that the country is once more in the throes of dissolution, and that these wagons and things can alone save it from impending ruin. If theatrical managers and show-people generally could have their way, every political intriguer would be made to bite the dust ere the morrow's sun rose upon an enslaved people, and every stump-speaker would be cast into a fiery furnace made seven times hotter than the one the Bible tells us of. Yea, Gov. Tilden, John Kelly, and other gentlemen who guide our wandering footsteps and direct us how to vote, and whom to vote for, would be made food for every menagerie in the land, for every zoological institute in this wide expanse of country, were not the laws antagonistic to their fell design. Every free mass-meeting takes just so many dollars from the finances of the theatre, and every ward-gathering of the faithful pot-boilers detracts just so much from the drama and sideshow. What can "Our Boys" of the drama do when our boys of the political machine are set a-going? Why, even the gospel-dispensers are thrown into the background by the ground-and-lofty tumbling of the Tammany Hittite and Cooper Institute Strikers; and Moody and Sankey do well, and show sound judgment by shaking the metropolis and opening their batteries on the wicked sinners that infest other cities. There is no harmony between politics and the drama, which nobody can deny.....Titiens, the latest operatic importation, has not made a ten-strike; and the Strakosch party look seed and dispirited, as though they had just returned from a high-priced burial, and there was nothing left to defray the expenses of the funeral-baked meats. The truth of the matter is that European operatic celebrities are not brought over here until they have grown stale, flat, and unprofitable at home; and, though we are subjected to a tax of three and four dollars per head on them, they are not returned one iota the less valuable. We only get what is left after all the cream has been skimmed off "over there." Titiens is not so youthful as she was ten years ago; nor is her voice so pure and sympathetic as it was when the rose and the lily blended in such beautiful harmony upon her polished brow and damask cheek. She should have come here in the early beauty and the springtime of her life, when the soul goes out to meet the bird of song, and replies not at the cost of the excursion. We are willing to pay the current market notes for a good article, but we grow economical and penurious when mock-turtle and cold plum-pudding are offered to us. And there is another veteran in store for us—a veteran position, as it might be, and Wachtel is his name, all, we are willing to swallow Wachtel at reduced rates; for, veteran though he be, he is still a capital singer, and, what we do not often find in the same person, he is a good actor. If you shut your eyes, while listening to Theodore, you might fancy that a vocalist on the sunny side of fifty was before you. Sauerkraut is palatable if not too old, but two and three dollars are more than a single dish is worth. Although we talk quite glibly concerning greenbacks and hard-pan, nevertheless there is a scarcity of both, as the anglers of the Titiens and Wachtel speculations are beginning to realize. .....And talking about these aged foreign operatic plants reminds us of some touching lines we once wrote in a girl's album, and which, no doubt, you will be pleased to read in this connection:

THE LAY OF YEARS.

"So this is your birthday, Nellie dear?"
The ardent lover said:
"I will give you a kiss for every year
That has tenderly touched your head."
He seized the action to the word,
While her head lay on his shoulder;
And she murmured low, in a cooing voice,
"*I think I must be older.*"

.....And so for the circus, its influence can scarcely be told. It was only the other day that out in Nebraska, somewhere, it was actually found necessary to postpone a funeral because a circus had just come to town, and the mourners and sorrowing friends wanted to attend the show, which was only making a one-day stand. And we have heard tell of a young and beautiful girl of not more than sixteen Summers, who was fast sneezing herself to death with the worst stage of the consumption, yet she would not swallow the cod-liver oil that a famous physician had prescribed for her. Day by day the hectic flush upon her cheek showed how well and surely the fell destroyer was making inroads upon her young life. Physicians were in vain—she would have nothing to do with their nauseous drugs. Useless were the promises of her afflicted and grief-stricken parents—they offered her precious jewels of the mine if she would take but a single dose of the distressing cod-liver oil; she mocked at their infirmities; and, from the tip of her finely-chiseled Grecian nose she extended a thumb and four fingers, the sorrowful meaning of which her agonized parents knew too well. 'Twere vain that evangelists preached at her, and sang at her, and read Wendell Phillips' latest speech on the currency. It was like throwing pearls before swine. Day by day she drooped like the fading rose at the close of a beautiful Summer. She got drooper and drooper, and she was given up for lost—given up to the arch destroyer whose very touch is death! The marble brow became cold! O, so cold! It was at this moment, when the sands of life were running out, and the last rays of departing day bathed in a halo of glory that pure and artless creature—it was at this moment, we say, when the friends of her youth gathered around her, and watched with tearful eyes the lovely being before them—that a tap was heard at her room-door. Ma! She hears that gentle tap—she knows the footstep that approaches her bedside. "It is, it is me own, me darling George!" Yes, reader, *he* was there! "Mary," said he, in accents wild and joyful, "the circus is coming to town! Come, go with me to the halls of revelry, and once more enjoy the wonders of the scene!" "Alas! I cannot," she replied; "I have refused to take cod-liver oil, and I am lost!" "It is not yet too late," responded George. "Here, take it, I implore thee; 'twill give thee health, and strength, and life, and enable thee to go to the circus, a three-ring centre-piece! Nay, haste thee!" She eagerly grasped the vivifying draught, gulped it down like it was nectar fit for the gods, and—*lived!* That evening she and her ever-faithful George occupied reserved seats in the parquet-circle, and she now is in robust health, and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds in her stocking feet. We have not space for other instances of the mysterious and powerful influence of the circus. Here was a regularly organized fund to be used in a precious life saved, just by the knowledge that a circus had come to town! Pause, reader, ere it be too late..... No, James; he was not one of the *counterfeit Nickels* who recently played at the Bowery, nor was his play 'Shaky,' although the bills so announced it.....but a San Francisco youth, from which flows the purest and sparkling water—[Well, James, we heard something about the Californians trying to make it gurgle forth whiskey instead of water, as more in accordance with their tastes and desires; but we do not credit the story, which was doubtless started by some crooked distiller of straight whiskey, who fearful of the deleterious effects upon his trade if the fountain continued to distill the pure liquor of life.] Well, what we intended to say was this, that the casting of her bread upon the waters has brought forth good fruit, for *The Pacific Churchman*, a paper of pious tendencies, has seen proper to "take notice," as it were, and administers the following religious sockdolager upon the *ex-frontis* of its dreadful contemporaries:

This generous gift, coming as it does from an actress, who by her life dignifies her calling, should be a rebuke to those who in a pharisaical spirit are always ready to condemn, and can see no good in those who adopt the stage as a means of livelihood. Whatever position in life one may occupy, the opportunities for doing good are not lacking. We are glad to see our pious friends thus voluntarily acknowledge their faults, and promising to do better in the future. Truly, it *is* never too late to mend.

.....And talking about newspaper people, good, bad, and indifferent, we have much pleasure in informing our readers that the author of "Dead to the World" will shortly produce a sequel, entitled "Alive to the *Times*."..... What's that you say, James? *Brougham's opening a dress!* Aren't you ashamed of yourself? If you paid more attention to what you read, and less to your victuals, it would be better for you..... "Queen Mary," produced last week in Philadelphia, has neither set that city wild with excitement, nor made the welkin ring with unbounded applause. Men who burn the midnight oil may get up decent sort of rhymes, and do very well at times with blank verse, but it does not always happen that success attends their efforts when the closet is deserted for the stage; and that's what's the matter with Tennyson's latest invention. [Why, no, you ignorant noodle, we have no reference to any son of Tennie Cladin—she is not in that line.].....In view of the restoration of the Union-square statue to its original place, we have concluded to commemorate the event in verse, which is our wont when the public will it:

HERE WE ARE AGAIN!

Once more the famous piece doth hold
Its sway, and nightly draw,
And thousands of our goodly folk
Are nightly "Led Astray"
A new and naughty De Lesparre
Increases his reign,
For he who once was *Rankin* high
We see *Arnot* again!

.....And this reference to McKee, who has endeavored to make hay while the sun shines for all, although he goes it blind with his "Two Orphans," convinces us that it is very difficult to play a blind part, because it requires so much "sight-seeing." How was it that, when he went blind at the Park Theatre some time ago, and put in an appearance which had the effect to put out the perforn ers, the lights and the audience, could not be said to have had much feeling in his *ipse dixit* against Manager Stuart, although the latter was not injured physically, notwithstanding his experience of *Severe Eyes*? [Eyes—Bertz is the name of the party who sold the things, and got vexed because the quid pro quo was not forthcoming instanter.].....Next to THE CLIPPER, the man looking for reliable intelligence should visit an ear infirmary, because he will be sure to find some thing *deaf* in it. [Well, we've seen anything like that? Well, this explanation *ought* to make it more *definite*.]..... Some men are not afraid of anything, while others, again, are frightened at their own shadows. Now, the gymnast, of all people, should be most *cool* in danger, because he always carries a *wire chest* with him.....And so, with these few and hurry remarks on the Ohio election, we shall now close the first part of our entertainment.

CITY SUMMARY.

"LED ASTRAY," which was originally produced at the Union-square Theatre on Dec. 6, 1873, and withdrawn after May 13, 1874, having received one hundred and sixty consecutive representations, was revived at this theatre on Monday evening, Oct. 4, the occasion of the opening of the present season. As we did not publish the cast at the time of its first production, we append the present cast:

Count Rodolph Chandoce.....Charles R. Thorne Jr.
George De Lesparre.....Edward Arnott
Hector Grandet.....Robert Craig
Major O'Hara.....H. W. Montgomery
Baron Mount Gosline.....Claude Burroughs
Lafontaine.....Harry Holliday
Robert.....W. S. Quigley
Countess Armande Chandoce.....Miss Rose Eytinge
Baroness De Rivonieres.....Miss Fanny Morant
Bowegne Countess De Chandoce.....Miss Blanche Grey
Mathilde.....Miss Kate Clayton
Suzanne O'Hara.....Miss Blanche Grey
Sophie.....Miss Anna Bowers

The only changes from the original cast were Edward Arnott instead of McKee Rankin as George De Lesparre; Miss Fanny Morant in place of Miss Emilie Mestayer as the Baroness De Rivonieres; Miss Blanche Grey, who replaced Miss Eliza Weathersby as Suzanne O'Hara; and Miss Anna Bowers in lieu of Miss Kate Holland as Sophie. All of these were quite satisfactory. Nearly all of the scenery and appointments were entirely new, and the various sets surpassed, in point of elegance and taste, any others hitherto seen in this theatre. The play met with quite as much favor as during its original run, and the attention of the audience which have filled the auditorium in every part. Charles R. Thorne Jr. and Miss Rose Eytinge were nightly summoned before the curtain on more than one occasion during the week.

"AROUND THE WORLD" was withdrawn from the stage of the Academy of Music after the evening performance of Oct. 9, and the season under the management of the Kiralfy Brothers then terminated. The attendance during the closing week was very large. A tour will now be made of the principal cities, and this spectacular drama will be produced in the same style of magnificence and completeness of detail as it has been given in this city. The prior engagement of the Academy of Music for the Wachtel operatic season compelled the withdrawal of "Around the World" in the zenith of its popularity; otherwise it would, probably, have continued one of our chief attractions for weeks to come.

F. S. CHANFRAU in "Kit" attracted such large audiences to Wood's Museum that it was deemed inexpedient to make any change in the programme during the past week. Mr. Chanfrau thoroughly identifies himself with the title-role and frequent repetition of it and thoughtful study have rendered his impersonation as wellnigh perfect as is generally accorded to mortals. His dialect, manners, and general appearance are strictly natural, and faithful copies of a class of people still to be found in the Western and Southwestern portions of our country, but who are rapidly becoming extinct. At the onstomary matinees "The Sea of Ice" was acted by the stock company. The baby-hippopotamus attracts much attention.

"GINEVRA GINEVRA" was revived at the Lyceum Theatre Oct. 6, and presented with a change in several of the leading roles. M. Roger sustained the character of Monrsouk in place of its former representative, M. De Querey; M. Ludovic appearing as Marasquin, replacing Mlle. Minelli, its former exponent, and M. Duplan and Miles. Dupare and Rosalie presenting for the first time the respective characters of Bolero, Pedro and Paquita. This opera will retain the boards until Oct. 16, when Offenbach's "Les Canard a Trois Becs" will be presented for the first time in America.

THE ONLY CHANGES in the programme offered by the San Francisco Minstrels since our last report have been a trick act called "The African Dwarf," with Add Ryman as the descriptive lecturer the revival of the sketch called "The Broadway Milliners," and a flute-solo by J. G. Withers. A good business has been done.

J. W. MCANDREWS, who performed in his familiar specialty of "The Watermelon Man;" J. K. Buckley and J. M. Turner, skillful manipulators of the banjo; comprised the additions to the company at the Olympic Theatre during the past week. A pleasing entertainment was presented, and the attendance was large.

MRS. ELIZABETH BROWN, mother of Mrs. Eliza Le Brun, died in this city Sept. 29. The funeral services were performed by the Rev. Dr. Houghton of "The Little Church Around the Corner." The remains were interred at the Cemetery of the Evergreens.

SOME FURTHER CHANGES were made in the cast of "Our Boys" at the Fifth-avenue Theatre during the expired week. On Friday evening, owing to the departure of Miss Fanny Davenport to fulfill some star engagements, Miss Jeffreys Lewis assumed the character of Mary Melrose, and acted it with sprightliness and vivacity. Miss May Nunes made her first appearance at this theatre, acting Violet Melrose, hitherto performed by Miss Lewis. Miss Nunes is a brunette with a tall figure, a pleasing face, and a good voice. She is as yet a neophyte in the profession, but gives good promise of future excellence. The attendance has continued large.

JOHN THOMPSON is to commence a week's engagement at the Bowery Theatre on Oct. 11, acting in "On Hand." He will be followed by Mrs. W. G. Jones on the 18th.

KATE FISHER in "Mazeppa" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will constitute the attractions at Wood's Museum this week.

PROF. LEON and his three sons will be the fresh arrivals at Tony Pastor's Metropolitan Theatre this week.

THE BOHEMIAN BALLET TROUPE gave so much satisfaction to the patrons of the Tivoli Theatre during the past week that they will be retained this week, and will be seen in the ballet pantomime of "Kim-Ka."

JOHN B. GOUGH is to deliver an entirely new lecture, entitled "Blunders," in Steinway Hall, Oct. 14.

AT THE THALIA COMIQUE the reinforcements this week will include Alf. Burnett, Harry Watson and Lizzie Sherman, Virginia Stickney, the Ainsleys and Ada Oliver.

THE RAYNOR BROTHERS—Harry and Charles—are to make their first appearance this season at the Olympic Theatre Oct. 11, and on the same evening Johnson and Bruno, William Courtwright and Leotard and Harry Carlo are to reappear.

THE COMPANY OF GYMNASTS known as the Russian athletes, consisting of C. Johanoff, Wash. Antonio, Geo. Dunbar, M. Feeley and son, A. and J. Seigrist, A. Freire, Nat Rogers and two sons, and Lulu female trapeze performer, are to sail for Havana, Cuba, on Oct. 12, to open in the Tacon Theatre 20. They intend going subsequently to the West Indies and South America.

MELNES LEVICK, having concluded his engagement in Philadelphia, has returned to this city.

EMMA DICKINSON is underlined upon the housebills of the Fifth-avenue Theatre to make her debut on the dramatic stage at that theatre.

THE GLOBE THEATRE is to be opened for a season on Oct. 25, under the proprietorship of Tallmadge & Scofield, with R. W. Butler and C. W. Shafer, managers.

MISS SCOTT SIDDONS arrived from England in the steamship Brittanic on Oct. 9.

THE ENGLISH-OPERA season opens to-night at Booth's Theatre, presenting "Mignon" as the initial attraction, with Kellogg in the title-role; Tuesday, Mme. Van Zandt in "Ernani;" Wednesday, Miss Kellogg in "The Bohemian Girl;" Thursday, Miss Kellogg in "Faust;" Friday, Mme. Van Zandt in "The Huguenots;" Saturday matinee, "Bohemian Girl;" and Mme. Van Zandt in "Fra Diavolo" in the evening. There will be a slight increase over the usual rates at this house during the continuation of the opera season.

MISS LOUISE HIBBERT, who came to this country to support Barry Sullivan during his American tour, has canceled her engagement, and returned to England Oct. 9.

MR. O'CONNOR, who has been quite ill with inflammation of the stomach, is rapidly convalescing. In company with G. B. Harcourt she will commence an engagement at Tony Pastor's Metropolitan Theatre on Nov. 1.

AT THE PARISIAN VARIETIES Mlle. Emeclew and Mons. Leroux are to be added to the company this week. Mr. Dowski's ballet of "The Brigands," a series of tableaux vivants by well-formed women, and other sensational acts will form the programme.

DRAMATIC.

Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers, and Others

Are respectfully requested not to extend any courtesies or information to persons claiming to be correspondents of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, unless they can exhibit a card of a LILAC COLOR, with an engraving of THE CLIPPER BUILDING on one side, and the other the names of the editor, correspondent, etc., signed by the proprietor of the paper, with the stamp of the office, and date of Sept. 1, 1875, thereon, and the said card runs out Jan. 1, 1876. Every authorized correspondent is supplied with a card of the above description, and has no authority to use any other upon our behalf. Managers will please take notice of this, by demanding an exhibition of said card, and refusing to accept any excuse whatever for its non-production. The card is not transferable; and, if it be presented by any person other than the one whose name it represents, managers and others will confer a favor if they will retain it and mail it to this office.

Persons applying for the position of correspondent are respectfully requested to consider SILENCE A NEGATIVE.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., our customary letter upon amusements, dated Oct. 2, is as follows: "'The Duke's Motto' was withdrawn from the stage at the California Theatre on Sept. 25, after occupying it for one week. The production was attended by profit, but, except for the mounting in which the drama was set, there was no cause for unusual praise. Mr. Barrett's Lagadere was the prominent and most striking piece of elocution. His acting was rapid; but it was not dashing, and it was deficient in character, there being no distinction between the soldier of fortune and the menial hunchback, save clothes and an exaggerated limp. Esop spoke with the voice, and often bore the address of Lagadere. During this week Mr. Barrett has appeared in a number of old parts with more better suited to his method of acting. On the 27th he personated the morbid character of Alfred Adrianne in 'Divorce' with much intensity. The general performance, although not equal to the first one at this theatre, was considered superior to that which Mr. Daly travelled across the continent to give at the Opera-house. Mr. Edwards' Wolf De Witt was a notable piece of acting; and so, for that matter, was the Tempieton Jilt of Robert Pateman. the Lu Ten Eyck of Miss Millie Wilton, and the Molly of Miss Marguerite Bowman. Last night, repeated 29, 30, and Elliott's part in 'Rosedale,' the large audiences present on both occasions showing that it is still the most popular of his personations. On the 29th he acted 'Hamlet' and last night, before a very brilliant assemblage, he gave Shylock and David Garrick for his benefit. These efforts are familiar, and do not call for extended remark. This evening Mr Barrett's engagement closes with 'Rosedale.' On Oct. 4 Dominick Murray makes his San Francisco debut in the drama of 'The Spy'.....Business has improved at Maguire's Theatre with the Hooley Troupe from the presence of the Ravel family, the magicians. Mr. Daly travelled across the continent to give at the Opera-house. Mr. Edwards' Wolf De Witt was a notable piece of acting; and so, for that matter, was the Tempieton Jilt of Robert Pateman. the Lu Ten Eyck of Miss Millie Wilton, and the Molly of Miss Marguerite Bowman. Last night, repeated 29, 30, and Elliott's part in 'Rosedale,' the large audiences present on both occasions showing that it is still the most popular of his personations. On the 29th he acted 'Hamlet' and last night, before a very brilliant assemblage, he gave Shylock and David Garrick for his benefit. These efforts are familiar, and do not call for extended remark. This evening Mr Barrett's engagement closes with 'Rosedale.' On Oct. 4 Dominick Murray makes his San Francisco debut in the drama of 'The Spy'.....Business has improved at Maguire's Theatre with the Hooley Troupe from the presence of the Ravel family, the magicians. Mr. Daly has left the Lotta combination, and will be unable to appear, and Mr. Wheelock will continue another week. Correspondence of Oct. 9.

AT THE PORTLAND (ME.) MUSEUM, "The Ticke'-of-leave Man" was given Oct. 4, 5, "Led Astray" 6, 7, 8, the week closing with "Blackeyed Susan" and "Honly-suckle." Mr. Saltzer's portrayal of Jeff was the success of the week, made so by the almost faultless performances given of it. Isabel Waldron as Armande, by her fine acting of that character, achieved a decided success, receiving a call before the curtain on two evenings. J. A. Arnold's Rudolph Chantard was a carefully finished performance. Charles Norris was quite satisfactory as George De Lesparre, as was John Sutherland as Major O'Hara. H. L. Bascomb was admirable as Mount Gosline. A. K. Adams was excellent in the little he had to do as Lafontaine. Florence Stratton as Mathilde was bright and spirited in her acting. Isabella Preston was excellent as the Countess, and Rose Graham acceptable as the Baroness. Lizzie May Ulmer as Suzanne was hardly equal to the requirements of that character. The stage-setting was good, while the dressing of the different characters showed both taste and elegance. A good business has been done. "The Two Orphans," for which extensive preparations have been made, will be produced Oct. 11. Correspondence dated Oct. 9.

AT MRS. MORRISON'S GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Toronto, Ont., Charles Fechter has been the stellar attraction, playing "Hamlet" on Monday; "Don Cæsar" 5, "Duke's Motto" 6, 7, "Hamlet" 8, "Don Cæsar" matinee 9, "Duke's Motto" 9. Route: Rochester, N. Y., 18 thence to Philadelphia. J. Sambrook acquitted himself in first-class style as Horatio, while C. P. De Groat as Polonius made a hit. In "The Duke's Motto," the Prince de Gonzagues of Charles L. Fawell was a fine piece of acting, J. R. Grismer playing the Irishman Carrickfergus in fair style. Lillie Wilkinson commences Oct. 11. Letter of Oct. 8.

"THALIA," a professional actress, desires an engagement with an amateur dramatic association to act and to arrange plots. See advertisement.

MRS. J. W. BAUCICAULT, first-old woman, etc., can be addressed for engagements as per card.

ADA GRAY, supported by a dramatic company, under the management of Jas. Hamilton, plays at Youngstown, O., Oct. 18, 19, Massillon 20, Canton 21, Wheeling, W. Va., 22, 23.

HERMON D. SELDEN, lately playing old men with May Fisk's Combination, is now agent for A. O. Miller's Dramatic Company.

GEORGE RIGNOLD was announced to appear at the Grand Opera-house, Harrisburg Pa., on Oct. 15, in "The Lady of Lyons," supported by Ford's company, but, owing to his illness at Washington, D. C., the performances were not given.

BARRY SULLIVAN acted in Ford's Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., during the past week to good business. On Monday he appeared in Richard III, Tuesday "Bi-bulbus," Wednesday "Hamlet," Thursday and Saturday "The

DRAMATIC NEWS from St. Louis, Mo., up to Oct. 8 is sent by our correspondent as follows: "At De Bar's Opera house Ben De Bar has played during the week to immense audiences. "Micawber" was produced on Oct. 4, 7, 9. Mr. De Bar being highly successful in depicting the fortunes and misfortunes of the unlucky Wilkins. 'Henry IV' was the bill for Oct. 6, and 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' was given 5, 8, with Mr. De Bar in his inimitable impersonation of Falstaff. The support of the stock company was excellent, especially that of Jno. W. Norton, Chas. Krone, H. Curley, Miss Florence Chase and Miss Constance Jordan. Edwin Adams opens an engagement 11.....Charles Pope was the attraction at the Olympic, and succeeded in drawing large and fashionable audiences. The week opened with 'Hamlet,' which was followed by 'King Lear,' 'Macbeth,' 'Richelieu,' 'Lady of Lyons' and 'Richard III,' in all of which plays Mr. Pope gave scholarly impersonations of the leading parts. His King Lear was pre-eminently his finest production, and made the most favorable impression on his auditors. Miss Blanche De Bar made her reappearance after an absence of seven years, and was kindly remembered. John McDonald and Charles Plunkett deserve special mention for good support rendered the star. The rest of the stock did well. Miss Fanny Davenport comes 11, and on Oct. 18 Mrs. Rachael Macauley commences a short season. S. W. Piercy, who was engaged as leading man at this house, has broken his engagement and joined McKee Rankin's Combination."

BAKER AND FARRON, in their new play "Conrad and Lizette," commenced a week's season at the Grand Opera-house, Detroit, Mich., Oct. 4, to a fair-sized audience. These artists are well known, but the support by Elsler's Dramatic Company was not up to the mark, excepting R. E. Graham and Nellie Whiting as Mr. and Mrs. Brown. Baker and Farron go to Cincinnati from here.

FANNY B. PRICE and her company played at Staunton, Va., Oct. 6, 7, Charlottesville, 8, 9, and are to show in Richmond one week, commencing Oct. 11.

THE BUFFALO BILL COMBINATION are to perform in Pittston, Pa., Oct. 11, Wilkesbarre 12, Easton 13, Trenton, N. J., 14, Chester 15, Wilmington 16, thence to Richmond, Va., and through the Southern States.

FIRE.—Hallo's Opera-house, Lincoln, Neb., was burned to the ground on Monday evening, Oct. 4. J. H. Wallack's "Two Orphans" party were playing, and the fire broke out as the curtain raised on the third act. The flame originated by one of the borders coming in contact with the border-lights. The building was valued at $40,000, and there was not one dollar of insurance upon it. Mr. Baker, not a hose, extinguisher, or even a pail of water in the building—not the slightest precaution against such a calamity, says a correspondent.

THE DEATH OF "RASCAL JACK" DUNN REPORTED.—It is rumored that this popular actor died recently in Australia. John Dunn was born in Surrey, England, and made his debut at the Cobourg Theatre, London. He made his American debut in Niblo's Garden in this city in October, 1844, acting Tom Tape in "Sketches in India." He became quite popular, and from his excellent acting of the principal character in a farce called "Rascal Jack," this sobriquet was applied to him in private life, and by it he was known till the day of his death. He subsequently visited California and Australia, and in the latter country has resided for many years past. He returned to America some two or three years ago; but finding that most of his old friends and companions had passed away, he returned with a heavy heart to Australia.

W. H. ORTS, an actor and elocutionist, died in Boston, Mass., Oct. 10. His real name was Otis Reed, and he was formerly a waiter at the Winthrop House in that city, where many professional people resided in years gone by. Having a passion for the stage, he made his debut at the old Howard Athenæum, and achieved unexpected success. He continued to act in that city for some years, and afterwards traveled with Laura Keene, in whose company he made quite a bit while acting Lord Dundreary. For the past few years he has acted but very little, and confined his attention to elocutionary entertainments. He was about 30 years of age.

MR. JAMES LEWIS is playing a highly successful engagement in Cincinnati, and *The Commercial* thus speaks of his acting in "Our Boys:"

"Our Boys" was presented last night to a large and highly delighted audience. Mr. James Lewis is a favorable, and in many respects a remarkable comedian. He is a complete master of attitude and facial expression. Some of his facial powers are wonderful, as when he is seated beside the admiring but elderly Miss Champneys. His postures are irresistibly ludicrous, and he never relaxes into any other kind of posture.

MUSICAL.

THE BENEFIT tendered to Arbuckle at the Talmadge Tabernacle, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Oct. 5, was a success, both artistically and financially. It is estimated that fully five thousand people were in attendance, many being turned away. The most enthusiastically received and pleasing performers upon the bill were Emma Thursby, soprano; Sohst, baritone; Levy, cornettist; S. B. Mills, pianist; and Arbuckle himself. The latter responded to an encore with the inevitable "Robin Adair." Much growling and grumbling was indulged in by the audience towards the ushers and Tabernacle officials, on account of the gentlemanly and lack of courtesy displayed by the latter during the performance.....One of the leading lights of Brother Talmadge's flock—Major-Deacon B. H. Corwin—has been sued by the musical composer Henry Tucker for a breach of contract. Mr. Tucker, it appears, was employed by Corwin to compose an original cantata for one of the Sunday-school festivals. After having the time in which to compose it reduced one-half, the Deacon tendered Mr. Tucker exactly one-fifth of the sum agreed upon as the remuneration. The latter indignantly refused to accept, whereupon the Deacon called Mr. Tucker "naughty names" and indulged in "swear-words," it is stated; hence the suit.....J. N. Pattison, pianist, began a series of four musical lectures and piano-forte recitals at the Academy of Music Oct. 9. The other three are to be held upon the succeeding Saturdays. The attendance was large, and composed mainly of the gentler sex.....The first and only appearance of Miss Torriente in Brooklyn at the Academy of Music on Oct 19. She will be supported by Arabella Goddard. Mons. Sauret, and the same artists who have contributed their services at the New York concerts. Advices of Oct. 11.

L. C. REED, cornet-soloist, is requested to telegraph to Alex Calhoun, as per card.

AMBROSE CARL, flute and alto player, and Thos. Brazendale, B-flat cornet-player, advertise for an engagement.

OLE ALLEHUP, leader of orchestra and band, is open for engagements. See card.

RIVERSIDE MEMBERS of the Philadelphia Musical Union and Quaker City Quartet sign a card, published in another column, stating that they are in no way connected with the Caroline Richings-Bernard Comic-opera Company.

THE MEXICAN JUVENILE OPERA TROUPE, who were announced to open at the Richmond (Va.) Theatre Oct. 4, failed to do so on Tuesday they not having on account of the indisposition of Estevan Moron, who was to have acted Frits in "The Grand Duchess." The troupe was greeted with large and fashionable audiences every night during the week, and were accorded to be one of the greatest attractions that have appeared here for years. The solos of Senor's Solidad Unda and Miss Morosco's acts each night gave much satisfaction. The company gave their last performance at the Saturday matinee. Fannie B. Price, with a full company, is announced for the coming week, opening 11 with "Jane Eyre." Letter of Oct. 9.

THE OPERA SEASON begun at Platt's Hall, San Francisco, Cal., on Sept. 27, by Mme. Fabbri, has not thus far been brilliantly successful. Only three performances were given a week, yet the audiences have been neither large nor distinguished. The company will compare favorably with most of the troupes that have appeared here at times past; and the apathy of the public towards the interesting performances of "La Dame Blanche," "Lucia," and "Lucretia Borgia" would be inexplicable were it not apparent that Platt's Hall is not popular when used for lyric or dramatic purposes. The foundation for this is the poverty of the stage resources. The principal attraction announced for the week beginning Oct. 4 will be "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Carl Formes as Falstaff. Letter of Oct 2.

ZIMMERMAN'S MEXICAN JUVENILE OPERA TROUPE will give two matinee performances at Ford's Operahouse, Baltimore, Md., Oct. 12 and 13.

THE JULIA MATHEWS' English Comic-opera Company appeared at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, for the first time in that city, during the week ending Oct. 9, in the operas of "Girofle-Girofla," "Boulotte," "Grand Duchess" and "Les Pres St. Gervais." Miss Mathews, who has a tuneful and telling voice, produced a decidedly favorable impression by her personation of Girofla, receiving a cordial welcome. G. H. Macdermott played the part of Don Bolero with much humor, his acting and vocalism being most satisfactory. Messrs W. Forrester and A. Brennir proved fair representatives of their respective parts of Marasquin and Mourzouk. The attendance during the week was good, although not so large as Manager Mathews anticipated. The entire troupe open at Col. Wood's Museum, Philadelphia, on the 11th inst., for one week only.

MRS. JAS. A. OATES and her Comic-opera Company commence an engagement at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 11th inst., appearing during their first week in a repertoire of operas of "Girofle-Girofla" and "Mme. Angot's Child."

J. F. ZIMMERMAN'S Mexican Juvenile-opera Company will give a couple of performances at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the evening of the 18th inst., and at a matinee on the 16th inst.

MR. AUGUSTUS SCHMIDT, of Virginia, Ill., Max Friedman, W. R. Barnhurst and Thomas A'Beckett of Philadelphia have formed a society for the purpose of giving musical entertainments in that city.

THE PHILADELPHIA MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, on the 4th inst., re-elected for the fifth time Thomas E. Harkins, a well-known journalist and musician, to the presidency. John Dolman, formerly an actor of repute, succeeded Gustavus Remak as counsellor. The organization is composed of the united musical brethren of Philadelphia, and is quite prosperous, financially and otherwise. It has now a fund of $15,000.

E. W. DUTTON, E-flat cornet-player and violinist, advertises for an engagement.

THE PEAK FAMILY, bellringers and vocalists, are very favorably noticed by *The St. Paul Pioneer* of Sept. 25, an extract from which is published in our business department. Miss Daniels, soprano, recently joined the company in St. Paul, Minn., and business is reported to be very good.

A B-FLAT CORNET-PLAYER, who can play double bass in orchestra, is wanted by C. C. Beedle, who advertises.

VIOLIN AND BASS ROHN of fine quality can be obtained of G. Salomons, who advertises.

"KALOOLAH," a new song for the variety or minstrel stage, is published by J. Perry & Co., Boston, Mass.

THE CENTENNIAL SWISS BELLRINGERS and John E. Masters, comique, performed at Kinkersville, O., Oct. 6, Pataskala 7, Reynoldsburg 8, New Albany 9, and are to show in Columbus 11, Pleasant Valley 12, Milford 13, Urbana 14.

ELIAS HOWE'S band-books and overtures for small and full orchestras can be obtained as per published card, containing prices, etc.

HARRY MINER has joined the Mexican Juvenile-opera Company as business-manager. They are to sing in Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 15, 16, and in Pittsburg one week, commencing 18.

A FLUTE PLAYER, who plays alto horn in brass, desires an engagement. See "Traveler's" card.

BEEDLE'S BELLRINGERS played in Cambridge, N. Y., Oct. 7, Greenwich 8, Schuylerville 9, and are to show in Saratoga 11, Sandy Hill 12, Fort Edward 13, Glens Falls 14.

SPAULDING'S BELLRINGERS and Ladies' Cornet Band are to perform in Franklin, Mass., Oct. 11, West Medway 12, Medway 13, Needham 14, Milford 15, Fitchburg 16.

THE OATES COMIC-OPERA COMPANY appeared at the Providence (R. I.) Opera-house the past week to large audiences. "Girofle-Girofla" was presented Oct. 4, 5, matinee 6, and evening 9. "The Princess of Trebizonde" 6, 8, and matinee 9, and "Madame Angot's Child" evening 9. C. H. Drew has improved both in his singing and acting, since last season, and the other members of the company gave satisfaction. The company opens in Philadelphia 11, for two weeks; Richmond 25, one week; Baltimore Nov. 8, two weeks; Washington 22, one week. Advices of Oct. 10.

THEODORE HAMILTON'S company starts on a tour at New Brunswick, N. J., Oct. 25, playing "Our Boys." The company will include, besides Mr. Hamilton, L. J. Mestayer, Colin Stuart, James L. Carhart, F. J. Pierce, Laura Don, Mrs. J. L. Carhart, Marian Sackett and R. Nelson. Route: Elizabeth, N. J., 26, Newark 27, Paterson 28, Newburgh, N. Y., 29, Poughkeepsie 30.

THE COURTLAY FAMILY are to perform in Ottawa, Ont., Oct. 11, 12, 13, Montreal 14, 15, 16, Quebec 18, 19.

ROSA D'ERINA will sing in Toronto, Ont., Oct. 11.

KENNEDY, Scottish vocalist, instead of going to Hamilton Oct. 4, as intended, remained at Toronto until Oct. 8 business being so lucrative.

SKITT'S CONCERT TROUPE will be at Titusville, Pa., Oct. 15, 16.

VARIETY HALLS.

Lines

ON THE DEATH OF MISS AUGUSTA LAMEREAUX, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE SEPTEMBER 30, 1875.

I am thinking of you, Gussie,
As in your grave you lie,
Where gentle brooklets murmur
And airs of evening sigh;
My yearning spirit calls you,
But no response I hear;
Yet something tells me, darling,
In spirit you are near—
Are near, with love undying;
Unseen, to guide the way
And bring your sorrowing loved ones
To you in Realms of Day.
Where sorrow shall be banished
Forever from the blest,
And, pillowed on your bosom,
My weary heart find rest.

Adelphi Theatre, Toledo, O. GEORGIE MAY.

SAM. GRAHAM, stage-manager of Looney's Varieties, St. Louis, Mo., committed suicide on the evening of Sept. 30 by taking morphine. The cause of the act is ascribed to family difficulties. He was twenty-three years old, and had been married only a short time. He was for a long time ringmaster of Queen's Circus, and for the past five months has acted as stage-manager of Looney's Varieties. He was the interlocutor in the first-part minstrel scene at this house, and on the night after his demise his vacant chair was gracefully draped in mourning, and appropriate songs were sung by the company in respect to his memory. He leaves a wife in Memphis, Tenn., and relations in Pittsburg, Pa.

FAREWELL, OLD FRIEND.

Farewell, old friend! We've laid you low
Beneath the silent tomb,
Where shadows darken o'er your brow,
Yet happiness shall bloom.
We miss the soft and gentle word
Of one we loved so well;
But you've gone where a better land,
Where all desire to dwell.
We've heard the glad tones of your voice
When master of the ring;
We've seen you lightly trip the stage,
And heard you gayly sing;
But we'll never hear your voice again,
The stage will miss your tread,
For we've laid you in the old churchyard,
Where rest the mourned-for dead.
Sad and lonely do we feel
Without your smiling face;
We miss the heart so kind and true,
We miss your every grace.
The smile that played upon your lips
Will never more;
For you have crossed that silent stream,
And reached the other shore.

St. Louis, Oct. 5. BILLY HASSON.

VARIETY NEWS in San Francisco, Cal., gleaned from *The Figaro* of Sept 26, is as follows: "At Buckley's New Variety Theatre the company included Swain and West as "The Yankee Boys," Price and Norton in a budget of songs by Miss Claude, Carrie Willis, Maggie Kelley, Ida Fisk, Maud Pateman and Katie Zoe; a song-and-dance by St. Leon; Charles Kimic in Dutch songs; a fancy dance by Maggie Brener; and G. C. Thompson in his specialties.....At the New Olympic Theatre a minstrel first-part was given, with Eliza Harrington on the bone-end and Rollo Webster on the tambo. The olio included songs by Maggie St. Clair, Fanny Webster, Etta Budd, and Lotta Harris; dancing by Eliza Harrington and Mlle. Blanche; and specialties by George Lowden, Charles King and Hughey Robinson.....At the Harp and Star Variety Hall, Borthwick Reid, Swordsman; G. H. Martini, Mary Somers, Mary Leroy, and H. Porter, vocalists; John Cork, song-and-dance; George Neilson, trapeze performer; E. J. Knight, Dutch vocalist; G. Stuart, jig-dancer; and Randall and Cook were performing."

FRANK HASSALL advertises that he can be engaged for his Dutch, Irish and negro specialties.

George Hinch, late of Sanger's Circus, and Willie Ashton, late of Warner's Circus, state through a card in another column that they have formed a copartnership, and can be engaged after Nov. 15 for their horizontal-bar, brother and comic acts.

WHITE & BROWN'S VARIETY TROUPE, which includes Etta Brown, Mrs. H. C. Merkley, John Costigan, R. H. Huddlestone, W. W. White, S. W. Brown, and Harry C. Merkeley, performed in Rodman, N. Y., Oct. 4, Adams 5, Belleville 6, Henderson 7, Ellisburg 8, Pierpont Manor 9.

MYERS' VARIETY THEATRE, Little Rock, Ark., is to be opened for the season on Oct. 18.

GEO. H. BELVILLE, late a variety performer in New Orleans, La., is requested to communicate with Albert J. Beal, as per card, or any information in regard to him will be thankfully received.

MAJOR BURK, in his drill specialty, opened at the Alpha Theatre, Chicago, Ill., Oct. 4, for four weeks.

SHELBY'S TERRACE THEATRE, Buffalo, N. Y., was closed for the season on Oct. 2. Manager Shelby opened his uptown theatre, called the Adelphi, on Oct. 4, before an audience which crowded the auditorium in every part, the sign "Standing-room Only" being displayed in front of the box-office before eight o'clock. Mr. Shelby has transformed this hitherto uninviting place into a bijou theatre. We are informed that $2,600 were expended in beautifying the interior, $7,000 in constructing three new entrances, which have eight large folding-doors, enabling the audience to vacate the building in about one minute and a half, and $375 for gaslights about the entrances. The opening company included Edna Markley, La Pauline, Maria Jasper, Frankie Baker, Carrie Armstrong, W. Henry Rice, Charles Vincent, George W. Barnum, Harry Sinclair, Huber and Glidden, Neal Conway, T. F. Kerrigan, and James Larkin. To open Oct. 11: Laura Alberta, T. R. Hann, Adelaide Eaton, and Crossley and Elmore.

AT THE TIVOLI THEATRE, Cheyenne, W. T., during the week ending Oct. 2, the Morosco Family, Ella La Rue, Miss Marie, Kate Rathbone, Louise Lee, Jennie White, Jim Martin, C. H. Lester, and George Summerfield were performing.....At Tom Miller's Belle Union the chief attractions were Nellie Bingham, Emma Nelson, Ella Marielle, John Jenkins, Billy Ward, "the Great" Bernard, the General, Ben Murphy, Walter Parks and James W. Wilson. .....James McDaniels, whose theatre was destroyed by fire on July 4 last, is erecting a new one, of which Ben Brown, late of Cal Wagner's Minstrels, is to be the manager.

BELL, LENNOX AND GEO. DAVENPORT, double song-and-dance and Dutch specialties, can be engaged after Dec. 1 by addressing as per card.

CHARLES GARDNER advertises for female specialty artists who can enter into engagements for 1875 with Amy Lloyd's Philadelphia Female Baseball Combination.

BALLET LADIES, a second premiere and a good ballet-master are wanted for the Associated Managers' Traveling Troupe. See Col. Sinn's card.

AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, San Antonio, Texas, the company, at the date of our latest advices, included Pete Conroy, Howard Howard, Frankie Elmo, Mollie Sommers, Mollie Archer, Horace Wambold and Charles Wilson. Mollie Archer left on Sept. 25.

JERRY DASHINGTON'S clog, jig, song-and-dance and fancy dancing-school can be found advertised elsewhere.

IONE LANE publishes a card of thanks to the managers who have tendered her dates; and notifies them that she has accepted an engagement for the season at Fox's Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., to fill the position of serio-comic vocalist and soubrette.

ANDY COLLOM is at present performing at Donnelly's Olympic, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CHILD ARTISTS are requested to address Eddie Moore, care of this office.

EMERSON AND CLARK commenced a two weeks' engagement at the Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I., Oct. 11, and they publish future dates in our advertising department.

PERFORMERS desiring engagements at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburg, Pa., are referred to Fred Aims' card.

PRINCE LEO and the Leonards, gymnasts, are engaged at Miller's Garden, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE GARETTA TROUPE and Sig. Monts, who are performing at the Globe Theatre, New Orleans, La., are very favorably noticed by the press of that city, as will be seen by extracts in another column.

PROF. DUMONT advertises for a lady partner for double-trapeze business.

WASHBURN'S LAST SENSATION is billed for Spencer, Mass., Oct. 13, Southbridge 14, Stafford Springs, Ct., 15, Monson 16, Ware 17, Chicopee 18, Northampton 19, Holyoke 20.

ANNIE HINDLE is now sole proprietress and manageress of the Grand Central Theatre, Cincinnati, O., and she requests parties having contracts with J. A. Gulick to communicate with her as per advertisement.

AT MYERS' OPERA-HOUSE, Memphis, Tenn., business continues good, and the performances are received with hearty applause. Flora Frawley receives encores nightly in her German specialties. Miss Antoinette Sevoy gives satisfaction in her operatic selections. The Grinnell Children and Gilday and Gilmeyn continue favorites. The new faces to appear Oct. 11 are Abbie Farnsworth, Little Dot and Chas. T. Ellis. Miss Sevoy departs 9 to Louisville. Letter of Oct. 9.

CINCINNATI, O., VARIETY NEWS to Oct. 8 is furnished as appended by our correspondent: "At the Grand Central Theatre the new appearances have been Senorita Philomena, who dances a very fair jig and does a song-and-dance; La Pauline, vocalist and dancer; Ida Morton, dancer; Annie Hindle, in popular motto songs; Charley McCaslin, Ethiopian comedian; J. K. Campbell, banjoist; and Ben Thompson. The latter appeared in his drama of "Joshua Whitcomb," presenting a Yankee very creditably. Annie Clark, Annie De Lorme, Robert V. Ferguson and Johnny Bowman are also here. Ferguson closes 9, going to New York. The Bennett Sisters are underlined for the 11th. Business has been excellent..... At the National Theatre Comique the new faces since last notice have been Richards, Reinhart and Paul, who do an excellent gymnastic act, Richards being a fine adept also with cannonballs; Little Bertie Reinhart, an interesting and talented child vocalist; the Hawley Brothers, very fair song-and-dance men; Charley Diamond, song-and-dance harpist; Annie Hall, vocalist; J. Z. Little and Josie Booth, actors. The latter two appeared to good advantage in Mr. Little's melodrama, 'Boving Jack.' The departures on the 9th will be the Richards, Reinhart and Paul Combination, for Boston; Frankie Lee, who opens in New Orleans on the 28th; Tom Williams and J. Z. Little. 'The Ice Witch' is to be put on Oct. 11, and the additions to the company will be Ida Devere, Al Martinetti, Alice Rose, Ed. Murray, Mlle. Violette, the Holland Brothers and Charles Edwards. The attendance through the week has been very large."

MILNES LEVICK, tragedian, publishes his address in another column.

"THROWN ON THE WORLD," an emotional play for lady stars, can be purchased by applying to advertised address.

THE HARRIGAN & HART COMBINATION will appear at Newport, R. I., Oct. 12, Fall River, Mass., 13, New Bedford 14, Taunton 15, Worcester 16, Springfield 18. Business communications can be addressed to M. W. Hanley, as per card.

BUSINESS CONTINUES GOOD at the Central Theatre, Baltimore, Md. The fresh attractions Oct. 4 were Lottie Grant, who sang several songs in a pleasing manner; Emerson and Clarke, two good acrobatic song-and-dance men; John Le Favre Manning, gymnast, who executed a number of difficult evolutions on the trapeze, and also introduced several new ones; and Viola Clifton, a comely vocalist. The dramatic attraction was Charlotte Stanley in "Crime." The Ifferd Sisters, to Washington; Emerson and Clarke, to the Theatre Comique, Providence; Charlotte Stanley, to New York. Clara Belmont, J. J. Reiley, T. G. Rothwell, John Reese and Jos. Whittaker are the departures. W. B. Cavanagh is prevented from playing by sickness. For Oct. 11 the Clinetop Sisters, Frankie Christie, Antoinette Kurts, Lillie Francis, Eliza Wilson, the Francisco Sisters, Mollie De Mar, Goldie and Barry, Harry Leslie, and the burlesque "Errant" are announced. A female minstrel scene and a ballet troupe will also be introduced.....The fresh faces at the Odeon on Oct. 4 were Dick Smith, Mollie Mayfield, Eva Loretto and the Lopez Family. Dick Smith is an old favorite; Eva Loretto executed a fancy dance, and later in the evening performed a fine cornet-solo; Mollie Mayfield sang a number of airs, and the Lopez Family appeared in classical groupings. Fanny Duane and Fannie Faver are the departures. Tim Morris, Ella Haflin and Nora Campbell open Oct. 11.....Blanche Roselle, Winnetta Craven, Lottie Fay and Belle Pascal were the new people at the Centennial Variety on Oct. 4. Emma Gertrude, to Cumberland, Md., was the only departure on the 9th. Letter of Oct. 10.

THE PROGRAMME at the Howard, Boston, Mass., has been a varied and interesting one, writes our correspondent on Oct. 9. "The fun began with Billy Barry's entrance in the roaring sketch of 'The Actors' Studio, which, though rather familiar, seldom fails to convulse the audience. This was followed by Larry Tooley in his Germanisms, and then Mr. and Mrs. Whittingham and Master Newman made their Boston debut. The entertainment they give is an excellent one; but is particularly noticeable through the efforts of Master Newman, who is a handsome but frail child of seven, and whose singing is something quite remarkable. His voice is clear and powerful, with a strong element of pathos in it. He sang 'The Old Folks at Home' and a couple of duets with his mother, which were loudly applauded. T. M. Hengler followed with his medley, and met with great success, and Hughey Dougherty came next with a very funny stump-speech. Scanlon and Cronin then gave their sketch, 'Since Terry Joined the Gang,' and this was followed by Little Mac's Essence. The Poole Brothers in their statue and pedestal olio were very remarkable and successful, their efforts being loudly applauded. Walters and Morton in songs-and-dances and J. B. Johnson in his swimming feats filled out the programme, which closed with the contest between the Mulligan and Skidmore Guards, and Harry Bloodgood in one of his funny stump-speeches. The programme is changed every week, and the performances are highly satisfactory. The Claire Sisters, Murphy and Mack, George Moore and Kitty Henderson were the new faces Oct. 4. Kitty Henderson danced a good clog, and also, in conjunction with George Moore, appeared in a Dutch act, which was loudly applauded. Murphy and Mack in their Irish specialties were only fair. The Claire Sisters in their gymnastic exercises were compelled to respond to a double encore. Sig. Bartoli was billed for Oct. 4, but failed to connect. The new faces for the 11th are Maggie Weston, male impersonator; Giovani in his musical act; Madame Blanche's Parisian Statue Troupe; and Kitty Whitland, serio-comic vocalist.....Deagle's Theatre had its share of the large business. On Thursday night the orchestra was obliged to play on the stage, and give up their own seats to the audience. Peasley and Hughes, song-and-dance, made their appearance Oct. 4, and have by this time established themselves as favorites. Mlle. Lea and James Peasley danced a jig which was like clockwork. Chas. Ellis, Dutch comedian, closed 9 for Memphis. Jennie Engle, vocalist. Jennie Morton and Jennie Navarre, actresses, are the new faces for 11. Geo. W. Mitchell and Eliza Glassford will also appear in farce.....Business at Looney's has been very good. Although there were no new faces, the audience seemed to be satisfied. The Turner Bros. closed 9 for Memphis. Adams and Lee and Maud De Lisle open on Oct. 10.

THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE (late Theatre Comique), Wheeling, W. Va., under the management of H. J. Wilson, is to open Oct. 11 with the following company: Miss Agnes Sutherland, serio-comic; the O'Neil Combination, Harry Delave and Johnny Gavor comedians; the Vernon Sisters, in specialties; Moran and Duffy, song-and-dance; Sig. Bolti, fireking; Sadie St. Clair, vocalist; Mons. Josepha, "man with the iron jaw;" J. K. O'Neil, stage-manager; H. Davis, business-manager; Prof. Vaas, leader of orchestra; and H. J. Wilson, proprietor.

THE ATTENDANCE improved at Enochs' Varieties, Philadelphia, during the week ending Oct. 9, the only new face being Miss Nell West, vocalist, who met with a favorable reception. Mlle. Venturoli was the recipient of a complimentary benefit on the afternoon of the 7th inst., the attendance unfortunately being slim, although enough tickets were sold outside to render it moderately successful. James O'Neill, Crossley and Elden, Miss Nell West, Hurley and Marr, and J. L. Davis and his troupe of trained dogs closed on the 9th inst. Adelaide Stuart, Harry Mulone, Horner and Holly, Grace Harris, and Murphy and Shannon open on the 11th inst.

AT MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN, Philadelphia, the following were the principal members of the variety company during the week ending Oct. 9: Mlle. Emma Vaughan, Miss Mary Frazer, Walls and Nellie Leonard, Harry Miller, Florence Wells and Prof. Lafayette. The Fall and Winter season opens on the 18th inst.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL, Philadelphia, the programme given during the week ending Oct. 9 embraced as novel features the capital comic singing of Jolly Nash, the duets of Bertha and Ida Foy, a trapeze act by Mlle. La Belle Victoria, and the sketch of "Mr. and Mrs. Candle at Home," by Al. Burnett and Miss Nash, concluding with "The Rapparee," in which James M. Ward and Miss Winnetta Montague made their reappearance. John Williams, Delehoy and Cummings, Alf Burnett and Miss Nash, and Jolly Nash closed on the 9th. The attendance during the week was good. The Vaidis, Mlle. Granville, Frank B. Converse, H. T. Mudge, Billy Carroll, G. B. Radcliff, McCullough and Friels and Miss Addie Graham commence on the 11th inst.

THE FIFTEEN COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., reopened for the season Oct. 4. The additions to the company of the Summer Theatre were Rena Maeder in the drama of "The Inside Track," the Cawthorne Children in Dutch sketches, Griffin and Rice in songs-and-dances, and Alfred Listone, who appears in a really wonderful act, entitled "Musical Moments," performing on a xilophone, a full set of crockery, magic bells, drums, etc. His performance is, we think, a remarkable one. Philip Heath also appears in feats of ventriloquism. Business during the week fair. The departures Oct. 9 were Philip Heath, Antoinette Kurtz, Frankie Christie, and Rena Maeder. The announcements for the 11 are Mons. Josepha, Casey, Frank Carlton, Oscar Willis, J. W. Berkley and F. H. Nelson.....The Avenue Theatre did a fair business during the week. The new arrivals Oct. 4 were Rouke and Mack, the Misses Carlotta, Minnie Gray, Dody Zanfretta and Little Ardine, and Mr. Frank Cushman, all of whom met with favor. Minnie Gray's lightning songs and dances, and Johnny Carris' ranting farce of "No Third Term," were prominent features. The departures Oct. 9 were Mons. Laizer to Paterson, N. J.; Little Ardine to Baltimore, and Carlotta, to Norfolk, to join her partner; and Ella Sheldon. The announcements for 11 are the Ifferd Sisters, Jerome and Cameron, the Harrison Sisters, and Clara Belmont, to their engagement, Maude Le Moyne and James Welch presented Stage-manager Fred D. Harris with a handsome silver-headed cane. Letter of Oct. 10.

THE NEW PEOPLE at the Odeon Variety Theatre, Newark, N. J., last week were Louisa Henderson, a pleasing vocalist, who accompanied herself on an instrument called the "Orgsale," and Blanche Selwyn, who was, as usual, handsomely received. Departures 9: Quilter and Goldrich, to Ward's, Paterson; and Prof. Leon and Sons, to New York. To open 11 are R. M. Carroll and Sons, the La Montes—Jennie and Albert—and De Witt Cook.....At the Metropolitan Theatre business has been very good, notwithstanding the many counter attractions in the city the past week. Virginia Stickney and Minnie Archer were the fresh faces. The former made a decided hit, and was recalled nightly. Minnie Archer gave anti-faction in her vocalisms, and is a good singer. Charley Worley and Sadie Leonard created a great deal of mirth in an act entitled "The Funny Old Gal." The others of the company in their different acts and specialties were appreciated. Closures 9: Minnie Archer and Virginia Stickney, both to New York; A. B. Kennedy and Charles Worley, to Tony Pastor's, New York; Pauline and her pony and Wm. Hendricks, to Howes & Cushing's Circus, for two weeks. Announced for 11 are Bob Ferguson, Sallie Mason, Emily Prior, and Sharpley and Turner. Letter of Oct. 9.

AT THE CAPITOL THEATRE, Albany, N. Y., the arrivals Oct. 4 were Norah Campbell, Kitty Sheppard, Flynn and Lacy, Harry Armstrong, De Witt Cook, W. J. Nolan and the Henri family. Miss Campbell's vocalism does not call for any great praise, while Miss Sheppard acquitted herself nicely in the same line, and also proved acceptable in farces. Flynn and Lacy are good dancers, and were well received in their Irish specialties. The negro comedy of Harry Armstrong took well, and the same may be said of the club-swinging of De Witt Cook. T. J. Nolan attended to the straight business satisfactorily, and, all combined, the company gave a pleasing entertainment. The new faces 11 are to be Edmund Pierce in "Kansas Jack," the Gaylord Bros., Sandford and Fielding, Harry Weeks, Prof. Gleason, Eloise Allen, and Nellie Blanchette. Advices dated Oct. 10.

THE NEW PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, L. I., has had a succession of large houses at each of the evening and matinee performances of the past week. Of the new additions to the programme, Maggie Grey is a continental ballad-ist of medium ability. D. L. Morris, the well-known comedian, gave his sketch, entitled "The Employment Office." The three Seigrist Children gave a capital act of parlor gymnastics. The two elder boys are very clever. Martha Wren and James Collins appeared in their original sketch, "A Terrible Fix." Their singing is the most meritorious part of the act. Martha Wren has not yet entirely recovered from her sickness. Mons. A. Seigrist exhibited a troupe of trained dogs that in intelligence are quite above the average. Frank Gibbons did his old business, known as the "Mid-air King." Arrivals Oct. 11: Little Hall, Herbert and Kahn, Carter Brothers, and "The Big Four." Lester, Allen, Smith and Waldron. Departures Oct. 9: D. L. Morris, Theatre Comique, New York; Maggie Gray, Boston; Reynolds, Pittsburg; Raynors, Olympic Theatre, New York; Frank Gibbons, unknown. Letter of Oct. 11.

THE RAVEL-HERNANDEZ COMBINATION can be engaged for vacant dates through their agent, E. W. Wolcott, who advertises. The company consists of Young America, Ancust Lehman, Arthur Hernandez, Chas. E. Fish, and Mlle. Hulda.

THE LENTON BROTHERS, acrobats, have vacant dates, and can be addressed care of this office, or through their agent, Col. T. Allston Brown.

AN ANSWER from Ed. Poole, pedestal-dancer, in response to Jas. McDonald's challenge, can be found in another column.

THE ORRINS, acrobats, now performing with G. L. Fox's "Humpty Dumpty Troupe," will shortly appear at Booth's Theatre, this city, with that company.

THE NEW ARRIVALS at the Adelphi, Toledo, O., Oct. 4 were Baker and Doyle, Georgie May, La Petite Florence, and Nellie Haywood. Baker and Doyle's songs-and-dances were well received. Georgie May and La Petite Florence in character acts were good; Florence in single acts was also good. Nellie Haywood did a very fine jig. At Mr. King's benefit, tonight, the house is crowded. Mr. King is able to be out with the aid of a crutch. People closing 9 are Ryan and Carroll, Ned and Prof. and Baby Bindley, to Detroit. Lizzie Mulvay and Leon Whettony open 11.....At the Comique the new people were Barney and Della Ferguson, Hall and Thompson, and Johnny Shay. The Fergusons in Irish character acts took well. Hall and Thompson are two good song-and-dance men. Johnny Shay as a song-and-dance well and Madelaine Dupree, Emma Clifford and Niles and Evans close 9, and open in Saginaw. Edna Laurent opens in Cleveland. The Foxes close and remain here. Prof. Mitchell the Fire King, Admiral Yale, Grace Garland and Lulu Leonard open Oct. 11.....The Atlantic Garden is to be opened 11 as a variety theatre by Messrs. Stewart & Steinbracher, with the following company: Chas. and Jessie Fox, Johnny Shay, Dan Coolie, Kittie Emmett and McTurnie. Letter of Oct. 8.

AT THE METROPOLITAN, Indianapolis, Ind., during the past week, the chief features were the Lenton Family, acrobats; Frankie, serio-comic; and "The Black Crook." To open 11: the Waite Sisters, Maud and Samuel Sanyeah, and Barney Reynolds.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL, Troy, N. Y., a decided change for the better took place during the week ending Oct. 9. Hugh Fay, Welsh and Murphy, Patti Rosa, the Spaniole, Mlle. Paipaile Brits, and the new stage-manager, Harry Phillips, besides admirably attending to the requirements of his position, found time to create considerable fun in Ethiopian sketches and a stump-speech on "The Problem of Life." Business was excellent during the week. The bookings for the week ending 16 are Abe Weaver and Son, Seaman and Somers, Ella Mayo, Joe Buckley, Harry Montague and Minnie Somers. Scott and Rosa remain. Welsh and Murphy go to Brooklyn. Pat Rooney, Josie Granger, J. T. Kelly, and Rose D'Erina are underlined to appear 18. .....The Olympic will not be opened by Hi. Hogle. Advices of Oct. 10.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Richmond, Va., the Wood Sisters—Carrie, Addie and Elsie—were the new attraction the past week. Carrie is an old favorite, and she was greeted with applause. Addie and Elsie showed to good advantage in their songs-and-dances. The O'Neil Combination closed 9, going home to Wheeling. Mr. O'Neil had made a decided hit in his character of Uncle Tom. Georgie Browning, Fannie Faver and May Robins are announced for the 11th. The company has been playing to crowded houses nightly. Manager Putnam is now forming a full brass band.....The Grand Central Variety Theatre did not open Oct. 8, as announced, owing

TERMS.

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ANY INFORMATION CONCERNING MR. GEORGE H. MELVILLE, late a variety performer in New Orleans, would be kindly received by his brother-in-law, ALBERT J. BEAL, 29-1t* Newark, N. J.

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THIS IS TO INFORM IDA FOY, under the penalty of the law, not to open any letters addressed to the undersigned care of CLIPPER Office. Also, would wish to tell her that ADA FOY IS MY TRUE NAME, and the only name I have ever known, and consequently I have not almost taken her name, merely substituting A for I, as she insinuates in her letter. Furthermore, I can and will prove to her entire satisfaction, whenever she wishes, that I am ADA FOY (my name, given me by my parents), and not assumed for professional reasons. 29-1t*

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CARD OF THANKS TO THE MEMBERS AND EMPLOYES OF P. T. BARNUM'S WORLD'S FAIR.—To William Porter, Martinho Lowande and Tony R. H. Dockville, L. Tilden, J. McLaughlin, T. P. Jones, Ed. Hopkins, and all the members and employes of Barnum's World's Fair. Gentlemen: I take this method of returning you, one and all, my sincere and heartfelt thanks for your kindness and sympathy, also for pecuniary aid extended to me during my late accident. You can rest assured I shall not forget it, and hope none of you will ever meet with a like misfortune. I appreciate your good will towards myself and family, and sincerely wish that you may all enjoy health, wealth and prosperity. With best wishes for your future success, I am gratefully yours, JOHN LESLIE. 29-1t* late of Barnum's World's Fair.

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SIR: As the contemptible, silly and unmanly manner in which you have assumed the title of CHAMPION WITHOUT A CONTEST would naturally lead the public outside the profession to think that I am afraid to meet you in a trial for superiority in leaping, I have deposited with Mr. Frank Queen, editor and proprietor of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, the sum of ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS ($1,000) as a forfeit, to remain until the first day of April next, 1876, against any and all persons (yourself and Wm. Batchellor in particular). Now, the reason of my not sending the money on before was this: The person I entrusted the matter with in Cincinnati, either through neglect or ignorance, failed to attend to it; and because it was my impression that the match was not to come off until after both shows, i. e., "HOWE'S LONDON" and "OLD JOHN ROBINSON'S," had laid up for the Winter, when we could satisfactorily arrange time and place and the amount to be contended for without difficulty. HAD YOU REALLY AT ANY TIME INTENDED TO COMPETE AT ALL FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP (WHICH I VERY MUCH DOUBT), the HASTE WITH WHICH YOU HAVE DRAWN YOUR MONEY, AND DECLARED YOURSELF CHAMPION, shows pretty conclusively that what you pretend to abhor, i. e. "NEWSPAPER NOTORIETY," is just exactly what you are fishing for. Now, as you are, or pretend to be, so anxious to have a tilt with me, and claim that I am afraid to meet you, and that my friends in the profession may not think that I am scared off the track by your petty bravado and boasting, I WILL PAY YOUR EXPENSES, BOTH WAYS, TO AND FROM OLD JOHN ROBINSON'S WORLD'S EXPOSITION, AND WILL ALSO PAY YOUR SALARY FOR ONE WEEK, to come on and compete with me for money; and if you ARE AS ANXIOUS TO MEET ME AS YOU PRETEND TO BE, and willing to earn your right to be called CHAMPION LEAPER IN A MANLY, STRAIGHTFORWARD AND LEGITIMATE manner, you can find no reason to creep or crawl out from my propositions. Now, as the probabilities are that both shows will be at or near some Southern city this Winter about the same time, I would prefer to have the match come off in one of those cities; but if you object to that, I will meet you at any place you may name after John Robinson's show closes its present season. The one thousand dollars to remain in Frank Queen's hands until all arrangements can be made for the match, which must come off before the first of April, 1876. I would like you to correspond with me immediately, so that we can arrange terms and conditions for the match in an upright, gentlemanly way, and let each man enter the arena to win on his merits alone, and let there be no quibbling or boyishness in the matter. It is almost impossible to name the exact day when the match could come off, as neither company at present knows the precise date of closing the present season; but I will give you four weeks' notice of the closing day of the John Robinson show. Yours, very respectfully, ROBERT T. STICKNEY.

P. S.—If you are in a big hurry to decide this contest, and cannot wait, and if the London show will not let you off to come on and contend for it, I am authorized by John F. Robinson Jr., Manager of Old John Robinson's World's Exposition, to say to you that he will pay you the same salary that you are now getting for the balance of the season, to leap for his show, provided you beat me, and leap as you say you can; also, providing the proprietors of the London show will not take you back after the match. I would come on to the London show and leap with you, if it were possible for me to leave my business; but is is utterly out of the question, as I have no one here to attend to my privileges in my absence, and Mr. John F. Robinson Jr. will not consent to let me off for a week, hence his liberal offer to you to come on and have the matter decided at once. The above terms are also open to Wm. Batchellor, and that other gentleman with the Murray show (I have forgotten his name), or any other man. Should you wish to correspond with me, a letter will reach me at either of the following places: Chattanooga, Tenn. Oct. 19; Knoxville, Tenn., Oct. 23; Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 6; Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 16, 17, 1875.
ROBERT T. STICKNEY.
EDDYVILLE, KY., OCT. 5, 1875. 29-1t

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The ladies must be good first and second line danseuses, young and good-looking. Send photographs. Opening date of Ballet, Nov. 22, Brooklyn; thence to Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Rochester, Buffalo, and likely California. Address COL. WM. E. SINN, Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., 29-2t acting for Associated Managers' Ballet Troupe.

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